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A WELSH HORSE WEDDING.

A Welsh Horse Wedding of the olden time belonged peculiarly to the yeomen, and was customary when churches were scarce, and marriages in chapels and register offices were not by law established. It was truly a public ceremonial, and caused much excitement amongst the mountains The farmer of a century ago was as primitive as the peasant, and the manners and customs of each were equally original. In nothing did this show more decidedly than in the Horse Wedding.

As soon as the day was fixed the whole country was astir—nothing else was talked of. No telegraphic messages were needed to convey the news from farm to farm. The very hills proclaimed it, the sheep bleated it, the winds whispered it. Evan and Gwen were to be united, and Nature, animate and inanimate, rejoiced.

To understand peculiar customs, one must live amongst the people. To appreciate a Horse Wedding, one must, at least, imagine the scene which originated it; probably a farmstead amongst the hills, surrounded by trackless downs, foaming torrents, primeval oaks, green lands, or corn-fields; and near it, possibly, an old British encampment, or some gigantic stone, pointing backwards, with imperishable finger, to the Bards and Druids.

Hence were sent invitations to similar farmsteads and all respectable dwelling houses, whether tenanted by gentle or simple, for miles around. An old man possibly of bardic descent, was chosen as the bearer. He carried in his hand a staff, covered with many-colored ribbons, which he planted on the threshold of each house as he delivered his message This was in rhyme. He bade all the inmates to the wedding, in verses, which he sang, intoned, or crooned, according to his capabilities and inspiration of the moment. His song was suitable to the indwellers, and breathed of love and life for the young, marriage and happiness for the old. The Cymry, like the Italians, were *improvisatori*. The old man, his ribboned staff, and impromptu invitations were poetical and graceful.

On the wedding morning the household of the mountain farm would be astir at daybreak; so would be the friends and neighbors, for early in the morning arrived the *improvisatori*. These native poets, who a few centures earlier would have been called 'Bards,' and were then styled 'Seek Outs,' placed themselves on either side of the close door. There they began their lyric measure. They poured out praises of the bride and her family; they invited her forth; they described the beauty of the morning or the surrounding scene; they extemporized by turns, until their subject and their rhythmical powers were exhausted. Meanwhile the party of the bride arrived. Trampling of horses—strong guttural Celtic—laughter—jests—interrupted the flow of verse. All were on horseback, and the yard and stables were full. At the same moment similar proceedings were enacted at the house of the bridegroom, it might be at a neighboring farm.

At last the door unclosed, and the bride appeared, trembling and blushing, accompanied by her father. The strains were answered—the 'Seek Outs' had found. Noisy congratulations followed; then the swiftest horse was chosen, and saddled, bridled and pillioned. The father mounted; the bride was lifted, or lifted herself, on the pillion behind him. She clasped her arms round him, and they rode off. The bridal party followed, consisting of men, women and children, some riding single, some double, like the bride and her father. They clattered through the yard, and from fifty to a hundred horses galloped after the bride. On some neighboring hill top and at about the same time, the bridegroom and a similar company left his abode, he riding the best horse that he could command.

Imagine two torrents pouring down from two separate mountains, and meeting somewhere in the valley below, and you have an idea of these impetuous equestrians. 'O'er brake and o'er briar,' through firm stones and through loose stones, down hill and across dale, into brook or fordable river, they dashed helter-skelter, until the two parties encountered. Then began the race for the Bride.

She and her father were ever foremost, the bridegroom and his party behind; but all rode as if riding for their lives It was a dangerous wedding pastime. There might be as many as a hundred horses, and they, as horses will, however sedate, got into the spirit of the chase. Sober hacks, lumbering farm-horses, steady cobs, frisky ponies, kicking mares, even broken-winded hunters, became race-horses for the time. And as to their riders, they lost their heads; old men and women forgot their age, and vied with their youngers.

Sometimes four or five abreast, sometimes huddled together by the dozen or score, sometimes single, they galloped on—now one foremost, now another. The sober clothing of the men mingled with the bright colors of the women, so that sex was scarcely distinguishable, since all equally wore hats. There was no time for love-making or gossip. Their hearts were in their horses. It was truly furious riding, and the women were as energetic as the men, perhaps more so. They ride well. A Welsh women and her horse seem one—it is difficult to separate them. And in these bridal raids, Johnny Gilpin and Mazeppa might have been encouraged to sit their horses by the fearlessness of the weaker sex. Even rain and mud did not appal them. Many colored shawls, pink and white ribbons, scarlet cloaks, hoods of all dyes, were forgetten in the one great object of being up with the bride.

All the country side was out to see, shouting, cheering and frightening the horses. There was generally a mile or so of turnpike road before they reached the church, so that the steeple chase ended in a fair race. The bride and her father still strained on in advance, but being visible to all, were more easily reached by the party of the bridegroom. He was usually the first to come up with them, and then began a Tourney for the Bride. The lover tried to tear her from herpillion; she clung to her father, who held her fast; the horses pranced or reared, and the dangerous game lasted until the bridegroom elect gained possession of his bride, and placed her on his own horse. Meanwhile the horses tore up, that their riders might 'be there to see,' and in the melee not ever the firm seat of the woman could always save them from a downfall. The spectators laughed and shouted while they righted themselves, and amid a very babel of noise, the bridegroom started again with his bride and the race re-commenced. The equestrian tournament was over, but the church had still to be reached.

The arrival of the troop at town or village was generally accompanied by great *eclat*. The news of a Horse Wedding always preceded it, and brought all the inhabitants to the front. It might be supposed that the spirit of horses and riders was tired out by this time; on the contrary, it was ever sharpest at sight of the goal. If they had flagged a little after the excitement at the capture of the bride they roused themselves at the prospect of the parson. The chances were that the roads had been dirty. It did not signify. On they came, bespattered by mud or besmothered by dust. Bride and bridegroom, father, tailor or best man, brides maids, mothers, sisters, brothers, friends, over a hundred horses, all pelted into the town haphazard. Pattering, clattering, whiparm extended—coat-tails, petticoats, shawls, ribbons floating—on they galloped by units, tens, or scores It was as though the whole country were careering away, pursued by some unseen enemy. The scattered houses and streets were lined with spectators. Hurrahs and waving of hats, peals of laughter, remarks on personal appearances, barking of dogs, screaming of babies, screeching of small boys, such a hullabaloo as would frighten a modern lover out of matrimony, only emboldened the hero of the Horse Wedding. Shouts of *'Priodas ferch!'* and *'Priodasfab!'* (Bride and Bridegroom) encouraged him to new effort, and he was usually foremost in the race.

He finally dashed into the yard of one of the principal inns, and so ended it. Others dashed in after him; more noise and confusion. All the hotels were open armed—all their arms were filled. A Horse Wedding was a fortune to the innkeepers Every available stall had its horse or horses, every available room its inmates. The bride and her bridesmaids smoothed their ruffled garments before the looking-glass; the bridegroom and his men refreshed themselves with draughts of ale. Before half past eleven o'clock a procession was formed. The lovers preceded, arm in arm; every Jack and Gill, and followed. Blushing, tittering, coquetting, they took their way to the church in pairs. The old people and children followed less regularly.—Friends joined the string who had not joined the race, and a goodly string it was Shopkeepers were at their doors, their wives in the windows, spectators everywhere. Jests flew, and kindly feeling prevailed.

The ceremony was duly performed in the old parish church, and there was no doubt about the wedding. All those valiant horsemen and horsewomen certified it, and strengthened the Gordian knot. As there was no easy divorce scissors in those days to cut it, they remained man and wife till death did them part. The young men and maidens took the privilege of a kiss, nothing loth, and after the usual singing, the procession re-formed.

All the company returned to the various inns, but not at once to re mount their horses and go back to the farm.—The body required invigorating after the labors of the morning. The inntaps flowed with ale, and tired nature 'took them at the flood;' but it did not follow that they 'led on to fortune.' Bridesmen treated bridesmaids, and the kiss—permitted at the altar—was snatched at the hotel.

The exit from the town was less regular than the entry. The newly-married pair and their immediate friends rode off, steadily enough, and were cheered as they went. The bride blushed behind her groom, and had to bear the brunt of jokes and gibes. The rest followed at leisure. Hats and even horses were exchanged. Potations of good ale made the men frisky, and feeds of corn enlivened the horses. The riders were riotous, and their steeds kicked and floundered, so that whip and stick were in request.

But all managed to reach their respective farms. The bridegroom's party returned to his house, the bride's to hers. It sounds unsentimental, but as soon as he had seen her safe at her old home, and run the gauntlet of his friends raillery, he left her to go and see after the bidding.

Before this took place, however, there was much eating and drinking at 'both their houses.' The parents of each provided a separate feast—or, if the bridegroom lived in his own house, he provided it. Sometimes, indeed, his bidding was held in the adode prepared for himself and his wife, even though he had previously resided with his parents.

When as much bread and cheese and ale had been eaten and drunk as the guests required, the great business of the day began. This was the bidding.

Instead of lavishing money on costly jewelry and ornaments, as friends do now-a days, the sensible old Cymry gave their wedding gifts in sterling gold or silver. The bride stood at her table, the bridegroom at his, and received as much money as the guests might choose to give or lend. The sums were duly registered. It only lent, they were to be repaid on a similar occasion. At an influential horse wedding more than a hundred pounds might thus be collected, which enabled the young people to begin life after their own fashion.

The bridesmaid or bridesmen presented to each donor a cup or glass of Methe glyn (anglicised mead), and a piece of oatmeal bread, or—what many liked better—beer sweetened with sugar, and flavored by a sprig of rosemary. This was, probably, the hale ancestor of our degenerate claret cup. Each wedding gift was also acknowledged by a sprig of rosemary.

Drinking, jollity, lovemaking, gossip prevailed. No tears were shed, for the young couple were pretty sure to settle within reach of their respective parents. Friends accompanied them to their new home, and left good wishes and jokes at their threshold

Such was a Horse Wedding of the olden time. This has been modified, like everything else, by the course of events. Printed invitations, formerly in verse, replaced the picturesque old man with the ribboned staff. These are called 'Bidding Letters,' and are now written in prose. It is truly a prosaic age! The shriek of the steam-whistle has frightened away the spirits of the old bards who have taken with them the gift of improvisation; and the once exhaustless stanzas, or *pennillion*, poured out at the door of the bride, have ceased.

Practical jokes have occasionally troubled the mad gallop of the riders, and one or two serious accidents have put a stop to the Tourney for the Bride. These may be worthy of record.

Dr. Johnson says that children are by nature cruel, and that it is education which teaches them kindness; be this as it may, most of them love fun—which frequently means mischief. It happened that a young wag, hearing of a Horse Wedding, resolved to have his joke. He knew of a wasp's nest in the hollow of an old tree by the wayside, and, as the wedding party were about to gallop past, he disturbed it. The wasps stung the horses, and a great many pretty girls were scattered about the road, while he stood behind laughing at the fun. It is satisfactory to add that he was *himself* terribly stung, and did not dare to cry out lest he should be discovered, or to complain afterwards, lest he should be punished. His practical joke ended with its sting, but no further ill ensued. This is more than can be said of most practical jokes.

The accidents that caused the bridal tourney to cease were serious and even tragic. On one occasion the bridegroom reached the bridge in a dangerous and circuitous part of the road; while he was in the act of tearing her from her father, her horse wheeled, stumbled, kicked and threw her. Snatched from the very arms of her lover, she fell among some of the rocky stones of this mountainous way.—He was off his horse in a moment—every one else dismounted. He raised the insensible form or the poor girl, and uttered a bitter cry. The mock combat had ended in sad reality. She was dead!

At another Horse Wedding the encounter happened on a hill near the church. The slope was dangerous, but excitement and love are equally blind.—The horses get excited also, and, neighing and curveting, while the bridegroom and father struggled for the bride, she was thrown off When they picked her up they did not know how much she was injured, as she was neither dead nor insensible. She insisted on being married, and, in spite of the remonstrances of her friends, her entreaties prevailed. Her lover carried her in his arms to the church, where the clergyman was awaiting them, and the marriage ceremony was performed amid the suppressed sigs and tears of terrified relatives. As soon as she was made one with him she loved, the spirit which had sustained the body gave way, and it was evident that she was dying. The sad scene may be imagined; the little mountain church—the pastor at the altar praying for the departing spirit—the kneeling, sobbing, agonized friends—the bridegroom and his bride!

It is no wonder that these tragedies should have put an end to the Tourney for the Bride, and that other accidents—frequent if not fatal, should have diminished the boisterous hilarity of the race Besides, the increase of churches, and the inrush of carriages of all descriptions, have facilitated mountain matches, and rendered a Horse Wedding of rare occurrence. Like all picturesque and primitive customs, it is wearing out with the wear of ages, and as a pillion is now a curiosity of leather-work, so will a Horse Wedding soon become a 'Curiosity of Literature.'

CASTLES IN THE AIR.—What a dull, dreary world this would be without hope! Faith makes bigots, but hope makes cheer and forgetfulness of the wrongs of the present. A correspondent gives a glowing description of air-castle building, which reads like a volume of poetry, bound in the daintiest blue and gold.

"What a world of day-dreaming and castle building we all do!" says this writer—"the Irishman at his spade, the seamstress at her needle, the housewife at her domestic duties, the boy at school, the merchant at his business! All of us are at home in a realm in which we are generals, statesmen, poets, philanthropists, millionaires, kings of the turf, champions of the boat-race, just in accordance with our tastes; all of us in a realm in which we force some great general to surrender, emancipate every slave in creation, pull the stroke oar in the international race on the Thames, make hundreds of poor families rich and happy, plant the national banner in patriotic enthusiasm in a hole drilled exactly at the North Pole Who so penniless or abject but he habitually enters at will a stately kingdom in which he owns country-seats, picture galleries, wine cellars, yachts, and hilariously enjoys the nicest possible holidays, giving parties, making his tenantry happy, winning the prize-cup in his schooner "Mary" or "Alice," named after his dear wife or blue-eyed sweet-heart, whose face lighted up so rapturously when for the first time he rowed her round under the stern, and showed her own name in gleaming letters of gold. Meanwhile, perhaps, the commonplace facts are, that we are not worth a guinea, do not own a strip of land, do not know the trigger from the hammer of a musket, are tenants ourselves, only blow the organ for the orchestra, and have just been threatened with losing our place if we do not blow letter."

GRANT'S LITTLE LAMB.—Grant had a little lamb, his little name was Leet, and every time that Grant went out, this lamb it followed him about, upon the busy street. Then Grant he said: "My little lamb, I will find you pastures new; where sweetest milk and honey rare, shall onward flow, with enough to spare for a Leet and a Stocking too." So the bleating lamb to Grinnell went, and presented him Grant's letter; "Grinnell," says he, "my little sheep, you shall on a bed of greenbacks sleep, and I'm sure you want no better." Baa! cried the little lamb in glee, and he kicked up his little feet; this is the kind of life I like, through Grant I've made a famous strike, and here in peace I'll bleat. This is the story of Grant's lamb, in humble measure told; oh, that we had a letter, too, with which we might a collector "do," and turn it quick to gold!

WE place Yankee ingenuity against the world, whether it be in the manufacture of wooden nutmegs or the avoidance of the payment of bills. A notable instance of the latter is given in a Connecticut paper. An M. D. rather remarkable for his impecuniousness, being called upon by his landlord with a bill for rent due, politely escorted his unwelcome visitor into a back room, where, drawing aside a dingy-looking curtain, he showed him a skeleton, quietly remarking, as he did so, "That man came here just two weeks ago with a bill, and insisted upon its being paid. A word to the wise is sufficient." The landlord incontinently left, and the doctor maintains undisputed possession.

A LITTLE boy who loves to pass his evenings in the store, and listen to the improving conversation of the elders while helping himself to sugar, was told the other night that hereafter he must stay at home. "I wish I was a man," he said "And what would you do if you were a man?" asked his mother. "I would get married, and then I could go to the store every evening." A very observant boy.

A YOUNG GENTLEMAN who recently took the school census at Burlington, Vt., was met at one house by a fun-loving young lady, who, in answer to the usual question whether there had been any births in the family since the last school census, replied: "The occupants of this house are three old maids, two of them sick, and a tom-cat; don't you think the prospect pretty poor?" The young man blushed and left.

A FELLOW lately started a store in Kansas. The following was the sign he hung out: "Dry goods by John Smith, who wishes to get married." This sign drew all kinds of custom. The single ladies went of course, and the married men all told their wives to go, under the impression that they could easily cheat so great a fool!

ALL FOURS.

TRAVELING IN KENTUCKY—VERY MUCH OF A JOKE.

It was during the presidential campaign which resulted in the election of Buchanan, says the Toledo *Blade*, that the writer of the appended sketch, in company with three other politicians, rode from Paducah to Boston, Ky., in a hack. They were bound for one of those old fashioned barbecues. The joking Judge M. was one of the party.

Our fun was at its highest, when, turning a curve in the road, we saw down its hot dusty stretch, a solitary ox cart with its owner perched upon what proved to be bags of corn. As a kind of advance guard, a great ugly brindle dog came trotting along, and, attracted by our noise, he threw himself in an attitude of defiance, determined to dispute our advance. With his savage growl, red eyes, and erect bristles, he indeed presented a formidable appearance. Judge M. could not let such an opportunity for a practical joke pass. Said he:

"I'll bet drinks for the day that I can fun that dog off the road"

"Done," said we.

Stopping our hack, he got out and threw the skirts of his "swallow-tailed" coat over his shoulders, stuck his old slouch hat on the back of his head, and going down on "all fours" he scampered toward the dog with the most frightful yells. This was too much for the dog, and, howling with fright, he took to the brush. The oxen also saw the fearful monster coming down the road, and with one wild bellow they took to the brush, with their tails standing out behind—Away they went, with wheels bouncing in the air, bags of corn bursting open, and spilling their contents in a continuous drill.

"Whoa, Blaze! Whoa, Ball! O Lordy! what shall I do?" came from the frightened man on the cart, as he was bounding from side to side, now grabbing a cart-pole, then catching at a bag of corn as it went over the side.

This kind of performance couldn't last long without a change for the better or worse, as the oxen went tearing down the steep bank of a little creek and overturned everything in the water, about waist deep. One ox getting loose, went up the opposite bank and soon disappeared, while the other cowered down, piteously bellowing as we came up to the scene of disaster. There stood the poor man in water up to his waist, his wagon overturned, and half his corn soaking in the water, while the other half was scattered in the woods. He looked scared and pitiful, and said:

"O Lordy, stranger, don't never do that ar any more. I'm ruined!"

It was a splendid success, that joke, and there stood the Judge holding on a sapling and laughing till the tears ran down his cheeks.

We took up a subscription for the poor fellow, the judge heading the list with an amount nearly covering the damages, and we added to it until we left the man in thankfulness that he had sold his corn so well. At the barbecue he Judge bet all his money on a little horse race, and lost, and from that and the effects of his drinks at our expense, we had to carry him to our hack on a barn-door. On his way home he insisted upon standing upon his head.

Which was the ruined man?

A SINGULAR REVENGE.—The Troy *Times* says: About forty years ago their resided in the town of Jackson, Washington county, a well-to-do farmer by the name of Ferguson. He was industrious and frugal, but after a time became addicted to the use of intoxicating drinks, and when under the influence of his favorite beverage would be liberal to such an extent that he would give away any property which might be at his disposal at the time. Fearing that he would thus squander all his effects, a commission was obtained and the property placed in the hands of his son. When the papers were served on the old man he remarked, "You have taken my property from me, have you, and are obliged to support and take care of me? Well, then take care of me." He immediately took to his bed and continued to remain there, day and night, for twenty years. For the first few years he would get up and shave himself every Saturday, and then immediately take to his bed again, but for the last fifteen years of his life he was waited upon as an infant, notwithstanding he enjoyed good health and was in possession of all his faculties, mental and physical. The correspondent who sends us the above vouches for its literal truth.

THE CARPENTER'S DREAM.—A poor man was a carpenter; he often said to himself, "If I was only rich I would show people how to give." In his dream he saw a pyramid of silver dollars, all new, bright and beautiful. Just then a voice reached him, saying: "Now is your time. You are rich at last; let us see your generosity." So he rose from his seat and went to the pile to take some money for charitable purposes. But the pyramid was so perfect that he could not bear to break it. He walked all around it, but found no place where he could take a dollar without spoiling the heap. So he decided that the pyramid should not be broken, and then awoke. He awoke to know himself, and to see that he would be generous only while comparatively poor.

As a wife was holding her husband's aching head in her hands, one morning, she asked: "Are a man and his wife one?" "I suppose so," said the husband. "Then," rejoined the wife, "I came home drunk last night, and ought to be ashamed of myself."

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

Saturday Morning, : : April 13, 1872.

AS WE go to press we learn that Gov. Geary informed a committee appointed by the Radical State Convention to wait upon him for that purpose, that he would not sign the iniquitous Apportionment bill. The consequence will be, that the Congressional districts will remain as they were established under the former apportionment.

THE Radical State Convention, which met at Harrisburg on Wednesday last, nominated the following ticket: Governor, JOHN F. HARTRANFT, of Montgomery county; Auditor General, HARRISON ALLEN, of Warren county; Judge of the Supreme Court, ULYSSES MERCUR, of Bradford county. HARTRANFT and ALLEN were the recognized candidates of the Treasury Ring and represent its rapacity and greed. JOHN W. FORNEY, in his *Press* of the day before the meeting of the Convention, warned his party against Hartranft's nomination in the following emphatic language:

"The nomination of General Hartranft, which it awhile ago looked as though the people demanded, is now most strongly opposed by them. The 'plot,' or 'job,' or whatever it may be, of the party managers, has evoked a storm of honest indignation throughout the length and breadth of the Commonwealth. The people sternly reject any attempt to force upon them a candidate nominated by such means as those which elected one half the delegates sent to Harrisburg from this city."

THE Constitutional Convention bill, as it finally passed the Legislature, fixes the number of members at 133—being equal to the present number of Senators and Members of the House. The election is to take place next October and the Convention to meet at Harrisburg on Tuesday, the 12th of November. *Twenty eight* delegates are to be elected at large, each elector voting for *fourteen*. *Six* delegates are to be elected by the city of Philadelphia, each elector to vote for *three*. Each Senatorial district is to be entitled to *three* members, each elector to vote for not more than *two*—which will enable the minority party to secure *one* delegate in each single Senatorial district in the State and *two* in a double district, as in Luzerne district. It is estimated that this mode of electing the delegates will give the radicals a majority of three in the convention. This is perhaps as fair and equitable a bill as could have been looked for when it is considered that the Senate had to deal with an ignorant, mulish and ring-ridden majority in the House of Representatives.

Harry White, who was chairman of the Committee in the Senate to prepare the bill did his very best, as was to have been expected, to make the convention a partisan body, but a broadside from the raking batteries of Buckalew and M'Clure two days before the final adjournment brought the Indiana *trimmer* to a sense of his own littleness and compelled him to assume a virtue even though he had it not. The trifling majority which the republicans will have in the convention will practically amount to nothing, for the reason that if it prostitutes itself to the purposes of party, the people, when they come to pass judgment upon it at the ballot-box, will refuse to ratify its work.

Samuel P. Brown.

This is the name of a friend of George O. Evans, in Washington, to whom Evans in his testimony before the Investigating Committee says he paid $20,000, for services rendered in procuring payment of the war claims of the State. We have read Brown's testimony, the material part of which is contained in his answer to the tenth interrogatory of the committee, and is as follows:

Tenth. Did Evans pay you any part of the $78,000 received by him in 1867? If yes, how much? Do you know if he paid any part of that money to any one else, or did he ever state to you that he had so paid? If yes, who received the money? A. He paid me $18,000 for service rendered and debts due soon after the first collection was made, which collection amounted to about $1,900,000. At that time he (Evans) was indebted to me for money loaned to him for his private purposes, and was also indebted to other parties here, which debts I paid, at his request out of the aforesaid money. He also stated to me that he had to pay a large amount of money to Pennsylvania officials for the purpose of obtaining the necessary legislation. He gave me a memorandum of amounts he had promised to pay to these parties. On the memorandum appeared the name of "Gov Geary and friend" for $30,000; D. C. Forney, $6,000; J. Robley Dunglison, $5,000, and "other parties" $8,000. He subsequently stated to me that he was to procure the publication of the life of Governor Geary, and that a large portion of the $30,000 was to be appropriated to that purpose. In a subsequent conversation Mr. George O Evans told me that he had an interview with a publishing house, the name of which he mentioned, (I think it was Appleton & Co., but am not certain,) and that it would cost $40,000 to publish the life of Governor Geary, being about $10,000 more than he had anticipated. Another consideration he was to give to Governor Geary was either to purchase a controlling interest in a paper in Harrisburg, or to start a new one, to bring Governor Geary's name prominently before the people as a candidate for the presidency. This proposed paper was to be run wholly in the interest of Governor Geary, and to be under his (the governor's) control.

If Evans is unworthy of belief on his oath, as he seems to be by common consent, can any reliance be placed on his unsupported declaratious to Brown? That is a question which we will not now discuss. It is in perfect harmony, however, with Geary's well known inordinate vanity, that he should meditate the publication of his life as a stepping-stone to his Presidential aspirations. It is a disappointment that we are not furnished with the name of the biographer who was to immortalize both himself and his hero. If Dr. Gihon, Geary's *Fidus Achates*, and who predicted his elevation to the Presidency, still lives, he would be the one amongst ten thousand to become the Boswell of our illustrious Governor. To write a life of John W. Geary ought to be a very cheap undertaking, but at the very munificent figure of $40,000 it would certainly be the most profitable enterprise in which a man of the lowest possible literary attainments could embark.

The Apportionment Bill.

Although it is a pure waste of time, now that the Congresssional Apportionment bill has passed the Legislature and become a law, yet we cannot forego a brief notice of its palpable and monstrous injustice. It has not a single redeeming feature. It is wholly partisan and unfair, and can only be defended on the robber plea,

"That he may take who can,
And he may keep who 's able."

An Apportionment bill, to be a just measure, ought to be so framed as to enable the two political parties in the State to fairly exercise their numerical strength in Congress through their elected representatives. This bill totally violates that fundamental principle. It was a fraud in the first place in the authors of the bill to establish the arbitrary basis that the radical party was entitled to *sixteen* districts, or almost two-thirds of the whole number, and the democratic party to the remaining *ten*. It is a well known fact that for the last ten years the average radical majority in the State has not been large enough to represent the present ratio of population required to elect *one* member of Congress. It follows, therefore, that of the sixteen members to be elected by the radical party under this infamous bill, there will be *five* of them who will be absolutely without constituencies. This result is reached from the peculiar formation of the districts, and especially in Philadelphia, by which not less than *ninety thousand* democratic voters in the State are disfranchised.

At the last Presidentinl election, Grant received 342 280 votes in Pennsylvania and Seymour 313,382. Under the present bill-taking these figures as a basis, it will require 31,338 democratic votes to elect a member of Congress, while it will only take 21,390 radical votes, almost *ten thousand less*, to do the same thing. This is precisely what will happen under the practical operation of this Apportionment swindle. No fair-minded man can defend the outrage, and we repeat again, that every man who voted for it, we care not to what party he belongs, is guilty of nothing less than moral perjury.

The manner in which Montgomery county is emasculated and her dis jointed members made to form parts of two districts, is a grievous wrong and violates every principle upon which a fair and honest Apportionment bill ought to be framed. It was necessary, however, to perpetrate this glaring outrage in that particular locality, in order to carry out the original design of those who originated the bill and were determined to consummate the fraud. No political party ever yet gained any permanent advantage by the passage of a one sided and unfair Apportionment. The experiment has been tried before, and has always recoiled with fearful effect upon the domiuant party so exercising its power. It will be contrary to all past experience if the results to be brought about in the future, under the operation of the present scandalous gerrymander, do not return to plague its inventors.

Congressional Apportionment.

The following is the apportionment of the State into Congressional districts, as passed by the Legislature on the last night of the session:

1. District—Third, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, Eleventh, Twelfth, and Sixteenth Wards, Philadelphia.
2. First, Second, Seventh, and Twenty-sixth Wards, Philadelphia.
3. Eighth, Ninth, Tenth, Thirteenth, and Twenteth Wards, and all that portion of the Seventeenth Ward west of Second street, Philadelphia.
4. Fifteenth, Twenty-first, Twenty-fourth, Twenty-seventh, Twenty-eighth, and Twenty-ninth Wards, Philadelphia.
5. Eighteenth, Nineteenth, Twenty-second, Twenty-third, and Twenty-fifth Wards, and the Seventeenth Wards east of Second street, Philadelphia.
6. Chester and Delaware Counties.
7. Lancaster County.
8. Berks and that portion of Montgomery northwest of Norristown, Whitpain, Gwynedd and Montgomery townships.
9. Bucks and Northampton and balance of Montgomery.
10. Lehigh, Carbon, Monroe, Pike and Wayne.
11. Schuylkill, Columbia and Montour.
12. Dauphin, Lebanon, and Northumberland.
13. Luzerne.
14. Bradford, Susquehanna, Sullivan, and Wyoming.
15. Tioga, Potter, M'Kean, Cameron, and Lycoming.
16. Union, Snyder, Mifflin, Centre, Clearfield, and Elk.
17. Huntingdon, Blair, Cambria, and Somerset.
18 Bedford, Franklin, Fulton, Juniata, and Adams.
19. Westmoreland, Fayette, and Green.
20. Cumberland, York, and Perry.
21. Indiana, Armstrong, Jefferson, and Clarion.
22. Pittsburg, Birmingham, East Birmingham, Urmsby, South Pittsburg Monongahela, Mount Washington, Temperanceville, West Pittsburg, Union, Allentown, St. Clair, Veroat, Braddock and the Townships of Plum, Wilkins, Penn, and Potter.
23. All Allegheny County not included in the above.
24. Washington, Beaver, and Butler.
25. Lawrence, Mercer, and Crawford.
26. Erie, Venango, Warren, and Forest.

AT the last session of the Legislature an Act was passed and signed by the Governor, allowing defendants to testify in certain criminal cases not above the grade of misdemeanor. There can be no sound objection to the passage of a law of this character, and our only regret is that the Legislature limited its provisions within such a narrow compass. The following is the Act:

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same, That, in the trial of all indictments, complaints and other proceedings against persons charged with the commission of crimes or offences not above the grade of misdemeanor in any court of record, of criminal jurisdiction, the person so charged shall, at his own request, but not otherwise, be deemed a competent witness, but his neglect or refusal to testify shall not create any presumption against him, nor shall any reference be made to, nor shall any comment be made upon such neglect or refusal by counsel in the case during the trial of the cause; provided that this act shall not extend to the trial of any person on an indictment for perjury or forgery.

LOCAL LEGISLATION.—AN IMPORTANT ACT—We direct attention to the following Act passed by the last Legislature in relation to the collection of taxes in this county It produces an entire change in the present system and deserves to be carefully examined in order that tax-payers may become familiar with its provisions. The system has been in operation for a long time in Ohio, and many years ago was made applicable by special acts of Assembly to several counties in this State. As long ago as 1858 a bill of the same character, applicable to Cambria county, was prepared by a gentleman of this place and sent to Harrisburg, but it was not seriously pressed, owing to a factious opposition raised against it in some portions of the county. The people of the counties in which the experiment has been tried generally approve of the change from the old mode, so far as our knowledge extends. The people of this county will now have an opportunity of deciding upon the merits of the old and the new arrangement. Here is the Act entire:

AN ACT relating to the collection of Taxes in the County of Cambria.

Sec. 1. *Be it enacted, etc.*, That from and after the passage of this Act, it shall be the duty of the Commissioners of Cambria county, in each and every year, immediately after the assessment of taxes for State and county purposes shall be completed, but not later than the first Monday of April, in the manner prescribed by law, to cause their Clerk to make out a fair duplicate of all seated real estate and personal property assessed, with the taxes thereon, in a convenient form, and deliver the same to the Treasurer of the said county, together with a certificate under their hands, attested by the Clerk, duly certifying the same to have been regularly assessed.

Sec. 2. That it shall be the duty of the Treasurer of said county, after he shall receive the duplicate of the assessments from the County Commissioners, as hereinbefore provided, to give at least thirty days' notice, by weekly publications in two newspapers published in said county, and also by at least ten written or printed handbills, to be put up in the most public places in each township, borough, or ward, in said county, of the times at which he will attend at the place of holding the township or borough elections in each township or borough of said county, for the purpose of collecting and receiving State (including militia), county and poor taxes, and it shall be the duty of the said Treasurer, in person or by deputy, to attend at least one day in each township and borough in said county, for the purpose aforesaid, previous to the first day of September in each year, and he shall give receipts in all cases when required by the persons paying the same; *Provided*, That if any person or persons shall, on or before the first day of September aforesaid, pay to such Treasurer the amount of his or her taxes, such person shall be entitled to a reduction of five per centum on the amount thereof.

Sec. 3. In case any State, military, county or poor tax assessed in any township or borough within said county shall remain unpaid for the period of thirty days from and after the first day of September aforesaid, it shall be the duty of the Treasurer of the said county of Cambria to issue his warrant under his hand, accompanied by a schedule of all such unpaid taxes, adding thereto five per centum, and the names of the persons respectively to whom the same are charged in the proper duplicates directed to the constable of the proper township or borough, or if there be no constable therein, then the Treasurer shall appoint some liable freeholder of the proper district is hereby made to receive the same, authorizing and requiring him to demand and receive from the person named in the schedule the sums with which they are charged respectively, and the said warrant shall further authorize and require such constable or collector, in case any person named in the schedule annexed shall fail to pay the amount with which such person is therein charged, after demand therefor made by any constable or collector, to levy the same by distress and sale of goods and chattels of such delinquent, giving ten days' public notice of such sale, by three written or printed advertisements, and, in such case, the constable or collector shall be entitled to retain after first deducting the taxes, the same fees as now allowed constables by law for levy and sale upon a writ of execution: *providing*, when the said taxes are paid on demand, or within ten days thereafter, the constable or collector shall be entitled to receive as a compensation five per centum for his services.

Sec. 4. That upon the delivery of the County Treasurer of his warrant to any collector or constable, according to the provisions of this act, he shall charge such constable or collector with the whole amount of taxes contained in the schedule thereto annexed, in a book to be provided for the purpose, from which liability such constable and sureties, under the provisions of this act, shall only be discharged by payment of said amount, after deducting such exonerations as may be allowed to such constable or collector, and certified to the said Treasurer by the County Commissioners for insolvents, indigent persons, unseated lands and other cases where exonerations are now allowed by law to collectors of taxes.

Sec. 5. The bond of the constable now required by law shall stand as security for the faithful performance of their duty under this Act, and in case the Court of Quarter Sessions of Cambria county shall deem the same to be insufficient, it shall be lawful for said Court to direct that a bond in a penalty not more than double the amount now required shall be given.

Sec. 6. It shall be the duty of the constables or collectors who shall receive warrants from the Treasurer of said county, under the provisions of this Act, to settle their accounts, obtain their exonerations and pay over to the Treasurer all moneys collected by them in pursuance of said warrant, within two months from and after the day of delivery of such warrants to them respectively, which day shall be endorsed on each warrant by the Treasurer issuing the same, and shall be by him entered in a book, to be by him kept for that purpose, which book, verified by the oath or affirmation of such Treasurer, or, in case of his death, absence out of the State, or other inability to appear and testify, by the oath or affirmation of any credible person proving the handwriting of such Treasurer, shall be competent evidence to establish the fact of the delivery of any warrant or warrants to any constable, as aforesaid, in any Court of law in the Commonwealth.

Sec. 7. That in case any constable or collector shall fail to make the collection and payment in the preceding sections of this Act within the time aforesaid, it shall be the duty of the Treasurer of the said county immediately to cause an action or debt in the name of the Commonwealth to be brought upon the bond of such constable or collector, and if upon the trial of any such suit it shall appear that such constable or collector has not complied with the provisions of this Act, judgment shall be rendered against the defendants therein for the amount for which such constable is delinquent, together with interest, at the rate of twelve per centum per annum, from and after the expiration of the aforesaid two months, and full costs of suit, and in all such cases there shall be no stay of execution or other stay, any law to the contrary notwithstanding; but it shall be the duty of the said Treasurer to prosecute such judgment to execution and satisfaction without delay.

Sec. 8. That if any Treasurer or constable or collector shall fail or refuse to perform any of the duties required of them respectively by this Act, he or they shall, for every such offence, forfeit and pay a fine of fifty dollars, which shall be recoverable in the name of the Commonwealth, at the instance of any person who will sue therefor, in the same manner as debts of like amount are now recoverable, with costs of suit, and the money, when collected, shall go to the use of the schools in the respective wards, boroughs, or townships where the forfeiture shall have been incurred.

Sec. 9. The Treasurer of the said county of Cambria shall be entitled to five per centum on all taxes collected and paid out by him under this Act.

Sec. 10. That all laws or parts of laws inconsistent herewith, so far as the same relate to the county of Cambria, are hereby repealed.

M. ELLIOTT,
Speaker House of Representatives.
JAMES S. RUTAN,
Speaker Senate.

Approved April 8, 1872.
JNO. W. GEARY, Governor.

We charge that General Grant has in three years appointed to office more persons related to himself and his family than all our former Presidents did in their eighty years of administration. And we are confident, but do not charge, that the emoluments which have accrued to General GRANT'S *relatives have exceeded those realized by all the relatives of our preceding Presidents during their respective terms of office.*

Will the Times *meet us squarely on the main point—namely, the number of his and his family's relatives appointed by General* GRANT *to office, with that of the like appointments of all his predecessors, respectively and in the aggregate? If issue is joined on this point, we shall proceed to develop the facts. We will consider their bearing afterward.*—New York Tribune of March 29.

VETERINARY SURGEONS all over the country are recommending *Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders* for the following trouble in horses:—Loss of appetite, roughness of the hair, stoppage of bowels or water, thick water, coughs and colds, swelling of the glands, worms, horse ail, thick wind, and heaves.

The Great Earthquake.

[From the Virginia (Nev.) Enterprise, Mar. 30.]

We yesterday met with and interviewed Mr. Frank Bell, Division Superintendent of the Western Union Telegraph Company in this State, who was at Independence, Inyo county, California, last Tuesday morning when the great earthquake occurred which shattered that whole region, and which shook us up not a little in this city, 300 miles north of what would seem to have been the centre of the great telluric disturbance.

THE FIRST GREAT SHOCK

came at 2:30 on Thursday morning, and was probably the most severe that occurred. Mr. Bell, who was sleeping in the second story of the hotel at Independence (a frame building filled in with adobes), says that when the first shock came it threw his pitcher and wash-bowl, which were upon a wash-stand six feet distant, upon his bed, whence they rolled to the floor and were broken. After a few heavy sidewise lurches from south to north, during which Mr. Bell was trying to climb out of his second-story window, about half a dozen perpendicular jolts came, which seemed to lift the house to the height of several feet. The earth now settled down to a steady, tremulous motion, which sort of calm lasted long enough to allow Mr. Bell to partially dress himself, find his overcoat and carpet-sack, and get down stairs and out into the open air. Here he found the startled inmates of the hotel, to the number of twenty-five or thirty,

MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN EN DESHABILLE

all in momentary expectation of a repetition of the shocks. Frightened as all were, one man still had sufficient command of his wits to notice Mr. Bell's overcoat and carpet-bag. "Hallo!" he cried, "there is a man who has packed his duds and is going to leave the country." The joke must have been considered a good one in some quarters, for just at the moment the earth laughed such a laugh, and so shook its sides that nobody cared to make another attempt at wit.

From this time till nearly 7 o'clock the earth was never for a moment perfectly quiet, and every few minutes heavy shocks of a few seconds' duration were occurring. In all, there were more than fifty very heavy shocks. The first shock cracked and threw down many walls and buildings, but it was the heavy succeeding shocks which leveled everything. The brick Court House and every brick and adobe house in the town and throughout the whole country were thrown down.

PERILOUS POSITION OF A CHILD.

When the first shock occurred, Mr. Harris, of the firm of Harris & Klune, rushed out of his dwelling with his family. After getting out he found one child was missing, and was rushing back to rescue it when the whole building fell. It was supposed that the child was killed, but upon cutting through the roof and removing a portion of the wreck of the building, it was found and rescued quite unharmed.

It would be useless to attempt to describe the consternation which prevailed throughout the town during the time the shocks were occurring; many supposed the last great day had come. The shocks were accompanied with a great rumbling, and the air was filled with great clouds of dust—indeed such quantities of dust filled the air that a cloud was formed which was seen by persons residing fifteen or twenty miles to the northward.

THE SHOCKS WERE STILL CONTINUING

when Mr. Bell left, and the people were so utterly demoralized that they did not know where to turn or what to do. The impression at Independence was that to the southward the earthquake was still more severe than in that place, and fears were entertained that but little was left of Cerro Gordo and other mining camps in that direction. They worked an hour and a half trying to get at Wells, Fargo & Co.'s treasure box, buried in the ruins of Nathan Rhine's store, and at last the stage came off without it. Even as the stage started there came one or two rattling shocks All the adobe buildings at Fort Independence were laid low, and a child killed; the mother, also, was seriously injured.

THE INYO "INDEPENDENT" OFFICE,

a frame building filled in with adobes, was not thrown down, but the office was badly damaged—even a cooking stove that stood in it being smashed to pieces.

STREAMS OF FIRE ISSUE FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

Fourteen miles this side of Independence, in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, is a large mountain called Black Rock, the sides of which are covered with lava and which is supposed to be an extinct volcano. The settlers informed Mr. Bell that during the time the shocks were most severe, flashes of light were seen to issue from the top of this mountain and streams of fire ran down its sides.

There are on the side of the mountain three old lava streams, but when the stage passed along no one had yet gone to see if any fresh flow had occurred. Mr. Mallory, formerly of Carson City, stated that he observed flashes of light in other places in the mountains, but he was of the opinion that they were caused by rocks striking together as they rolled down the slopes of the peaks. In places on the stage road there were encountered

ROCKS AS LARGE AS TWO-STORY HOUSES,

which had rolled from the mountains. From Independence to Big Pine, a distance of forty-five miles, there is not a square yard of ground that does not show cracks. Near Big Pine they found a crevice across the road sixty feet wide and six feet deep. Off the road, but in plain sight, this crevice was two hundred feet wide and over twenty feet deep, and it could be traced a long distance, running north and south, parallel with the Sierra Nevada Mountains.

LAND RIDGES AND WATER SPOUTS.

South of Fish Springs Slough the water spouted out of the ground in many places, and there were still to be seen large pools when the stage passed. Here also ridges of ground from eight to ten feet in height were raised up across the road. At Big Pine the heavy dining table, with all it contained, was overturned, and five shocks were experienced while the passengers were eating breakfast.

Between Fish Springs and Bishop creek, where formerly was a desert place, there now gushes forth a stream of water large enough to turn a mill. In other places streams and springs are dried up, and in fact, the whole country turned topsy-turvy. At Hot Springs, while severe shocks were felt on the surface, the men in the mines (200 feet deep) felt nothing of them. We have been told of many other circumstances in connection with this great earthquake, but have not room to mention them.

A FRIEND of ours who is chief clerk in the Governmental Dispensary, says that no medicine chest is now complete without *Johnson's Anodine Liniment*. We always supposed it was prescribed by law; if it is not, it ought to be, for certainly there is nothing in the whole *materia medica* of so much importance to the soldier and the sailor as *Johnson's Anodine Liniment*.

—A remarkable coincidence was presented in connection with the death of Jonas Parker, of Goshen, New Hampshire, on the 15th. Three cousins, residing in different States, all died the same night, and nearly the same hour, and each in a fit.

News of the Week.

—Ex-Gov. Curtin is on his way home.

—A cow with two tails is attracting the cream of society in Dover, Tennessee.

—A two-years-old son of Wm. Jones, of Kennett Square, swallowed a shawl pin two inches long, two weeks ago, and was none the worse of it.

—The South Carolina colored Republicans in convention demand that a colored man must be put in the Cabinet by the Republicans. Sambo continues to loom up.

—The Montgomery county poor house was recently destroyed by fire, and three of the inmates were burned to death, while another had his leg broken by jumping off the roof.

—The office of the Lycoming Mutual Insurance Company, at Muncy, was entered by burglars on the night of the 4th, and the safe drilled and bursted by powder, and $32 000 worth of bonds stolen.

—A bill allowing women to practice law, medicine, theology, and anything else, except soldiering, has been passed by the Illinois Legislature, and signed by the Governor. It will go into operation in July.

—A man in New York recently bled to death after having five teeth extracted.—Every effort was made to stop the bleeding of the gums, but proved fruitless, and the patient gradually died from exhaustion.

—On April 1st the Democrats of Chester elected the mayor—the first time since Chester became a city. The city usually gives about 400 Republican majority—but they "didn't come out," and consequently a Democrat "went in."

—The *Leader* says, John Ross, of Kennett Square, had a wonderful hen. She laid five eggs in one day, the fifth egg being double. She then rested six days and went to work again, laying a few more eggs and then died. We hope she was buried with honor.

—It is now thought that Congress will adjourn some time in May, as it will not take more than a month longer to dispose of the general appropriation bill. How many millions of the people's money will be disposed of during that month, it is not easy to guess.

—The Democrats cleaned that Radical hot hell, Cincinnati, last week, by nearly 2 000 majority. That city has been overwhelmingly Know Nothing and Radical ever since 1854. Grantism is causing the scales to fall off the eyes of the tax-payers in the Queen city.

—The *Village Record* says, the first colored applicant for the position of teacher in Chester county, is Susie Goodwin, of Kennett Square. She was examined by the County Superintendent at Toughkenamon, on Thursday last, and passed a very creditable examination.

—Near Brownston Crawford county, Ind., on the night of the 13th, Mrs. John Smith and her infant were burned to death. Mrs. Smith was subject to fits, and, while bearing her child in her arms, fell forward into an open fire place. There was no one else in the house at the time.

—Two men having arranged to fight a duel in Rhode Island, the Governor issued a proclamation forbidding it, whereupon one of the parties sent him a note saying that one of them would stand in Connecticut and the other in Massachusetts, and shoot over his miserable little State.

—Peter Nelson, Farmington, Minn., has gotten up a corner on lager. All the licenses in the town run out in May, but his holds good till December. So he became a convert to the temperance cause, put through a no-license vote, and now has built an addition to his hall 35 by 40.

—The Pope has refused to receive the sum of money which was offered him by the Italian government. His Holiness, in declining the gift, declares that when it becomes necessary for him to accept alms as a means of obtaining subsistence, he would only receive them from the Catholic world.

—The grand jury sitting at the Old Bailey, London, have found a true bill against Arthur O'Connor, the assailant of the Queen, charging him with a misdemeanor. Prince Leopold, who was riding with her majesty at the time she was attacked by O'Connor, will appear as a witness against the prisoner.

—Julius A. Sumner, of Akron, Ohio, says he rode on the first passenger car ever drawn upon a railroad in the United States; that he rode upon the first steamboat that ever navigated Lake Erie, and that he was the first man to build a rolling mill and nail factory in the State of Ohio. These are things to be proud of.

—Jesse James, Jr., of Bensalem, Bucks county, beginning with the 1st of April, 1870, sold, from six cows, fifteen hundred and thirty pounds of butter, from which he realized the sum of $900. He says that proper attention paid to butter-making will pay the farmer better than any other branch of his business.

—On the eve of sailing, says the New York Star, Miss Nelle Grant partook voluminously of ham omelette, which her father reminded her was very bad for sea sickness. Miss Nellie pouted and said her father was always reminding her of disagreeable things. The noble President thereupon said not a word more, but walked out and smoked.

—A special from Westminister, Carroll county, Maryland, says a terrible murder was committed in that county Friday last. Abraham Lynn, aged twenty-seven, was murdered at Stoner's Mill and his body robbed of eight hundred dollars. Lynn was running the mill, and his body was found in the sink of the mill with the skull frightfully fractured with a crowbar.

—Every day brings something new. Razors are to be laid aside, and shaving, in the proper sense of the term, abolished, and henceforth the hirsute growth on the lip, chin and cheeks is to be removed, not with soap, brush, lather, hot water and a keen edged blade, but by simply rubbing a piece of pumice stone over the bearded parts. We have not tried it, but the *Scientific American* says it will do it.

—Mr. Stephen Reid, of West Chester, has a hen, which in her ardor to lay an egg, a few days ago, took possession of a cat's nest in a stable in which there were three kittens. Mrs. Puss had perhaps left her mewing progeny and gone on a mousing expedition, and upon returning found her babies in charge of the hen, who remained, unterrified at the bristles of puss, in possession thereof until she succeeded in laying an egg.

—The earth seems to be quaking through and through—from stem to stern, we might say, were we a bold navigator of the canal. San Francisco, the Queen City of the Occident, and then Antioch, the Queen City of the Orient, have taken their turns at the metropolitan ague. Altogether there seems to be less motion amidships than elsewhere, and we are glad we are here instead of off at the uttermost ends of the earth.

—An explosion of fire damp occurred on Monday last in the Pine Brook shaft of the Lackawanna Iron and Coal Company, at Scranton. A man named Campbell was killed, and two others, named Stone and O'Hara, were injured, the latter so badly that he is not expected to recover. The explosion was caused by Stone's temerity in going to the locality of the fire-damp with an uncovered lamp after repeated warnings of the danger.

AN HEROIC ACT.—*A Three Mile Run with a Burning Oil Train*.—The Pennsylvania railroad, near Huston's station, was the scene of an accident of a rather peculiar nature on last Friday. What in railroad parlance is termed "an oil wreck" occurred near the point named, by which an entire oil train was more or less damaged. Mr. Robert Liggett, the conductor of the train, fearing that the oil which was leaking upon the track might be set on fire by some passing train, righted nine cars on the rails and proceeded with them in the direction of Ice Mountain siding. He had gone but a short distance when he discovered that the third car from the engine was on fire. At great personal risk Mr. Liggett made his way almost through the burning oil to the coupling and there took out the pin and leaving the other seven cars on the track, made quick time with the burning cars as far as the siding, three miles distant, where he left them, thus saving the main track from catching fire. The run to this point is spoken of by railroad men as something in the heroic line not often attempted. The flames from the burning car, we are informed, rolled up far above the tree tops, and when an oil barrel would explode the burning contents shot in all directions, the cab of the engine not being allowed to escape the dangerous element. When the siding was reached and an attempt was made to back the cars upon it the engine had to run over the burning oil which was on the track. The siding was down a steep grade, in the direction of the large lumber manufactory of Mr. R H Bown. Mr. Liggett, knowing what a terrible loss would ensue was the burning car allowed to descend the grade with the brakes off, bravely determined to board the burning car and use his best endeavors to check it. This he did, and amid the smoke and flame he stood at the brake, until the great heat caused the brake rod to snap asunder. Fortunately, Mr. Liggett, anticipating such an event, had dispatched one of the train men a few yards ahead of the burning car, with instructions to place a heavy log upon the track. This was accomplished just in time to save a great loss of property. Mr. Liggett is deserving of all credit for his heroism on the occasion, which certainly was of an unusual order of merit. —*Pittsburgh Commercial.*

PHILOS PET—OLD AND NEW—In the earlier history of medicine in the treatment of lung diseases, of which Consumption is the chief, the philosophy of cure consisted in weakening and depressing the system, so as to keep down the rapid circulation which, like a torrent, threatened to tear the constitution to tatters. To find this out, it is not necessary to ransack the archives and pore over the volumes that moulder on the shelves of antique libraries, as there are living amongst us those whose memories will lead them back to the times when it was common, and few if any survived such unreasonable treatment. The means of cure now in use, of which DR. KEYSER'S LUNG CURE forms an important part, are wholly different from this, and instead of tearing down and weakening the powers of nature, on the contrary are calculated to tone and build them up.

Prudence would dictate that whatever the disease is, much will be gained in taking advantage of early and correct treatment; especially is this true of a disease of such frightful mortality as consumption.

The new plan of treatment pursued by Dr. Keyser has succeeded in some of the most extreme cases, some of which are published in his treaties on chronic lung diseases, which will be sent to any address free of charge. Price of LUNG CURE, $1.50 per bottle, or 4 bottles for $5. If your druggist has not got it, send to Dr. Keyser, 167 Liberty street, Pittsburg, and he will forward it by express. Office hours for examinations from 10 A. M. until 1 P. M., and from 3 until 6 P. M., and on Saturday night until 9.

A HORRIBLE AFFAIR—*A Young Man Sawed in Two*.—One of the most terrible mishaps we were ever called upon to chronicle occurred at the residence of Abram Stocking, Esq., on Saturday morning last. Wood was being sawn with a machine, and a son of Mr. Stocking, Geo. J. Stocking, was feeding it. In some manner, the guides or stays holding the sliding rack gave way, allowing the rack to strike the saw. The latter was revolving at a high rate of speed, and, striking the rack, threw it from the frame, and young Stocking was hurled forward upon the saw. In an instant the saw had entered at the lower part of the abdomen, and slit his body in two clear to the shoulder, and his entrails gushed out of the frightful wound. His father sprang to the rescue; but he only cried out, "Kill me quick, father!" and was lifeless. The deceased was about 21 years old, and a youth of much promise. For some time he was a student in the Geneseo Academy, and was well known by many in this village. He was well liked by all who knew him for his many good qualities, and his sad and terrible death will cause many a heart to ache with sorrow and sympathy.—*Geneseo (N. Y.) Republican.*

—A family residing on Euclid avenue, Cleveland, owns a cat of the Thomas variety, who is nearly 20 years old. He can remember clear back before Perry's monument was erected, and his footmarks are upon every roof within a mile of his home. The number of boot jacks thrown at him would keep the city in kindling wood for ten years to come, and his back has been curved in so many fights that he now looks like a small dromedary when gaily promenading a chimney-top. Not until some more deadly explosive than nitro-glycerine is discovered will an attempt be made to kill him.

—Not a single colored delegate in the Republican State Convention of Wednesday last, while every voter in this State with a black skin will be expected to vote the ticket nominated.

SHERIFF'S SALE!—By virtue of a writ of *Al. Vend. Expon.* issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, and to me directed, there will be exposed to Public Sale, at the Court House in Ebensburg, on **Monday**, the **22d** day of **April**, inst., at one o'clock P. M., the following described Real Estate, to wit:

ALL the right, title and interest of Andrew Young, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Blacklick township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of Conrad Hoffman and Dr. Brady on the south, lands of John Harvey, Agideous Levy and —— Hoofnogle on the west, lands of John Nitzell and Peter Parrish on the north, and lands of Lewis Edwards and Robert Edwards on the east, containing **300 Acres**, more or less, about 40 Acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a two story Log House and a Log Barn, and a water Saw Mill and Grist Mill, now in the occupancy of Andrew Young; and a two story Plank House, now in the occupancy of Andrew Young, jr.—Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Lewis R. Edwards, for use of R. W. Gittings and D. R. Edwards.

W. B. BONACKER, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, April 1, 1872.

PUBLIC SALE OF REAL ESTATE.—The undersigned will expose to sale by public outcery, at the Court House in Ebensburg, on SATURDAY, the **20th** day of APRIL, inst., at 2 o'clock, P. M., that valuable SQUARE OF GROUND, situate in the West Ward of the Borough of Ebensburg, bounded on the south by Sample street, on the west by Mary Ann st., on the north by Crawford street, and on the east by Beech alley. Terms made known at the time of sale. SUSAN B. RHEY.
Ebensburg, April 6, 1872.-3t.

VINEGAR BITTERS

VEGETABLE — FREE FROM ALCOHOL

PURELY — CALIFORNIA — WALKER'S

EUREKA

VINEGAR BITTERS

Vinegar Bitters are not a vile Fancy Drink made of Poor Rum, Whiskey, Proof Spirits and Refuse Liquors, doctored, spiced, and sweetened to please the taste, called "Tonics," "Appetizers," "Restorers," &c., that lead the tippler on to drunkenness and ruin, but are a true Medicine, made from the native roots and herbs of California, free from all Alcoholic Stimulants. They are the Great Blood Purifier and a Life-giving Principle, a Perfect Renovator and Invigorator of the System, carrying off all poisonous matter and restoring the blood to a healthy condition, enriching it, refining and invigorating both mind and body. They are easy of administration, prompt in their action, certain in their results, safe and reliable in all forms of disease.

No Person can take these Bitters according to directions, and remain long unwell, provided their bones are not destroyed by mineral poison or other means, and the vital organs wasted beyond the power of repair.

Dyspepsia or Indigestion. Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Coughs, Tightness of the Chest, Dizziness, Sour Eructations of the Stomach, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Bilious Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, Inflammation of the Lungs, Pain in the region of the Kidneys, and a hundred other painful symptoms are the offsprings of Dyspepsia. In these complaints it has no equal, and one bottle will prove a better guarantee of its merits than a lengthy advertisement.

For Female Complaints, in young or old, married or single, at the dawn of womanhood or the turn of life, these Tonic Bitters display so decided an influence that a marked improvement is soon perceptible.

For Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism and Gout, Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Bilious, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder, these Bitters have been most successful. Such Diseases are caused by Vitiated Blood, which is generally produced by derangement of the Digestive Organs.

They are a Gentle Purgative as well as a **Tonic**, possessing also the peculiar merit of acting as a powerful agent in relieving Congestion or Inflammation of the Liver and Visceral Organs, and in all Diseases.

For Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Blotches, Spots, Pimples, Pustules, Boils, Carbuncles, Ring-worms, Scald-Head, Sore Eyes, Erysipelas, Itch, Scurfs, Discolorations of the Skin, Humors and Diseases of the Skin, of whatever name or nature are literally dug up and carried out of the system in a short time by the use of these Bitters. One bottle in such cases will convince the most incredulous of the curative effects.

Cleanse the Vitiated Blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in Pimples, Eruptions, or Sores; cleanse it when you find it obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is foul, your feelings will tell you when. Keep the blood pure, and the health of the whole system will follow.

Grateful thousands proclaim VINEGAR BITTERS the most wonderful invigorant that ever sustained the sinking system.

**Pin, T

Cambria Freeman.

SATURDAY, : : : APRIL 13, 1872.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Reps and Mishaps at and near Home.

—The "Dauntless" was out Friday

—Tyrone has got a new hose carriage

—They arrest and fine persons who loaf about the Altoona P. O

—An attempt was made lately to burn down Music Hall at Lewistown.

—An artesian well is to be bored on the Cresson Springs property.

—The first brook trout of the season were brought to town on Monday.

—Two women in Somerset county each recently gave birth to triplets.

—The Labor Reformers of Blair are talking of nominating a county ticket.

—Westmoreland is excited over the reported discovery of oil in that county.

—A jewelry store in Saltsburg was burglarized to the tune of $400 the other night.

—Wild geese, wild pigeons, and martins have put in an appearance here and hereabouts.

—The colored folk of Hollidaysburg tripped it on the light fantastic heel one night last week.

—A child named N'cholas died in Clearfield county the other day from an overdose of laudanum.

—Mrs. Magdaline Raver died in Richland township on the 4th, aged 104 years, 9 months, and 19 days.

—The Hollidaysburg STANDARD'S new power press has arrived, and the next issue of that paper will probably be printed by it.

—A bar of railroad iron fell upon the body of John Hawthorne, in the rolling mill, Johnstown, last Monday, and crushed it badly.

—A little son of A Y Jones fell through a hole in the ice on a mill race below town the other day. He was rescued by a companion.

—A Miss McComb, of Huntingdon county, undertook to pour ke o-sene into a lighted lamp the other day. It exploded and burned her badly.

—A son of Joseph Irvin, of Watsontown, Huntingdon county, aged five years, whilst in the woods hunting winter-green, by mistake eat some laurel, which caused his death.

—Tyrone girls won't receive calls from the boys after 10 p. m. Calls made BEFORE 10, however, are allowed to run to any hour p. m. dreaded—p m meaning past midnight.

—The dwelling house of John Grooms, in Gaysport, was nearly destroyed by fire on Tuesday afternoon of last week. Much of the contents of the house was burned. Loss 1,000.

—"Hon. James M. Swank" is what the Hollsburg GAZETTE calls the present Commissioner of Agriculture at Washington. "Jim" Swank is the name he goes by here at home.

—The April number of the DARTMOUTH, a monthly magazine edited by the senior class of Dartmouth College, has been received. A. V. Barker, an Ebensburg boy, is one of its editors.

—A correspondent in the HERALD wants our roads repaired, to the end that teamsters may be enabled to "haul" good loads. The weather and our cotemporary both are afflicted with bad spells occasionally.

—The contract for building the Bloomfield branch of the Hollidaysburg and Morrison's Cove Railroad has been awarded to Col. John A. Lemon, of Hollidaysburg. Work will be begun immediately.

—Elizabeth Harrold's dwelling house and contents, in Westmoreland county, was destroyed by fire one day last week. $300 in greenbacks and $300 in gold were wiped out of circulation by the fl mes.

—The SUNDAY DAWN says of "our" Senator: "Harry White has been the greatest mixer in the Senate—mixed in everything that came up—uncertain whether he mixed his drinks or not." Not with water.

—On Wednesday of last week, James Harron of Wilmore, while assisting in unloading a hog-head of sugar from the cars at Beatty's station, had his left thigh broken by the hogs head slipping and falling upon him.

—A young man named Sparra, of Gallitzin, stole a pile of his father's money Thursday; decamped; was followed to Pittsburgh; captured, money reclaimed, prodigal son escorted back home, and the fatted calf killed.

—A valuable vein of fossil ore has been discovered on the Bedford county Poor House farm, and Dunborrow, of the Huntingdon JOURNAL, is in ecstacies because he happens to own a mile and upwards of this seam."

—The STANDARD says that its cotemporaries are now engaged publishing its last year's items. We have seen some of these items, and are glad that their paternity has been fixed. We wouldn't like anybody to charge it on us, you know.

—Mr H. S Gill, of Burrell township, Westmoreland county, has discovered a piece of iron imbedded in a block of solid coal. It is sixteen feet in length, the thickness of a fire poker, and tapers toward each end from the center. How did it get there?

—Richard L. Davis has removed his boot and shoe manufacturing establishment to a building in the rear of Huntley's store, where he invites the public to call, leave their measures, and become the possessors of boots and shoes that will fit well and wear well.

—The Altoona SUN is threatened with a libel suit by B L Hewit, Esq., late representative in the Legislature from Blair county, and Congressman expectant. Libeling a member of the last Legislature, it strikes us, is good. The thing is impossible unless it is agreed that "the greater the truth," etc.

—The dead body of a man named Taylor, of Mifflin county, was found on an island in the Susquehanna river, near the Dauphin and Lancaster boundary line, one day last week. Taylor had been missing since the 20th of January last. It is supposed he was robbed and murdered and then thrown into the river.

—The HERALD man has found a "mutual" friend. But how in thunder that friend got to be "mutual," is beyond our ability to comprehend. Please explain, and allay any fears which may have been created that you will begin talking about your "mutual" green goslings or your "mutual" great grandfather.

—We were wrong last week when we said that Rollie Davis had removed his store to the building of Richard of the house of Tudor, three doors west of the Diamond. But the change is contemplated, and will be effected in a few days. Rollie is now in the East, buying a stock of spring goods. Due notice of the grand opening will be given.

—A correspondent of the RAFTSMAN'S JOURNAL states that an old man named Peter McDonald, aged upwards of eighty years, died at the residence of Mr. R. Colburn, in Karthaus township, on Wednesday, March 27, and says that the deceased had not eaten any food what ever for forty days previous to his death. No reason is stated for this singular conduct on the part of the old man.

—A young man named James Hite, of Wilmore, a cousin's son of Prothonotary Hite, was killed near Greensburg last Tuesday afternoon. He was sitting on the cow-catcher of an engine, and just as it entered the tunnel, the tank truck of a locomotive preceding it broke. A collision ensued, and young Hite was instantly crushed to death. He was about twenty five years of age. Another young man, named Jas. Burk, who resided near Hemlock, and who was sitting on the cow-catcher at the same time, was seriously injured.

—Richard Abraham and wife, of Clearfield, visited New York city last week. While aimlessly strolling about town, they made the acquaintance of a good looking fellow, who volunteered to show them the sights. Agreed to. The trio walked together till at last they came to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where the good looking fellow was approached by an inquisitive, who demanded payment of a certain bill. "How very unfortunate!" exclaimed the good looking fellow; "I have nothing about me except gold. Perhaps" he added, turning to Mr. Abraham, "you can give me greenbacks for it?" The latter handed over $110 in currency, and received an equivalent in what appeared to be gold. But it wasn't gold—indeed it may be said of it that it was the most villainous of dross—and Mr. Abraham is now bewailing the loss of a sum large enough to buy a barrel of good whisky.

—The heavy rains during the beginning of this week caused a marked rise in the waters of the Susquehanna river, and on Monday and daily since, large numbers of rafts and great quantities of round timber have been started "down the river." All the timber cut will doubtless be got to market, where plenty of buyers and good prices await it. This is the first "flood" the lumbermen have had for over a year, and it will prove a God-send to them; for, with all their capital locked up in sticks at the head of navigation, far removed from market and buyers, they had about run out of money, and in the nature of things would have run out of food and clothing before long.

—On Monday last, an accident resulting in the death of a man named George Brendle occurred at Barrows & Harues' "log job," in Chest township, this county. The thaws and rains of the day or two preceding had created a "flood," and a large quantity of round timber was being put into Chest creek to run down to market. Brendle was standing on top of a pile of the logs, helping at the work. Suddenly, the pile parted in twain, throwing him to the ground, and the logs falling heavily upon him. He was so fearfully crushed that he lived only a short time. He was a resident of Port Matilda, Center county, and was aged 28 years. His remains were taken home Tuesday.

—A libel suit evidently has no terrors for the editor of the Johnstown TRIBUNE. In the last issue of his paper, he presents his compliments to Judge Flattery in these words: "You contemplated a week or two since bringing a suit for libel against us, and endeavored to retain a lawyer to prosecute, but afterward abandoned the idea. Pray go on. If we have committed any sin of omission, and have not thoroughly ventilated your action in connection with the Union Hall lease, we hope you will give us an opportunity in a court of justice to amend all shortcomings. If you will no', we may take the opportunity to do so through these columns." That District Court always did cause bad blood.

—An abundance of amusement of a superior sort is in store for Ebensburg next week. On Tuesday evening, the "Pro Phundo Glee Club" will give a musical entertainment in the Court House, commencing at 7.30 o'clock. This club has sung for our people before, and will doubtless be greeted with a full house. On Friday evening following, the "Florence Dramatic Association" will give a grand theatrical entertainment in the Higienic Wigwam, commencing at 7 o'clock. "Solon Shingle," "To Paris and Back for Five Pounds," and other comedies will be presented, with the divertisements of singing, dancing, etc. This is a good troupe, and we hope it may be well patronized. Admission to either entertainment, 25 cents. This (Saturday) evening the "Juvenile" aggregation will present "Rip Van Winkle" at the Academy building. Admission, 15 cents. Of course, the boys will receive a benefit.

—The session of the Legislature having closed Sam Henry, Cambria's representative, has come home to stay. He looks well, though there is about him that peculiar appearance of guilty consciousness begot of a winter's campaigning on the majority side as a Republican capital. But time, we hope, will eradicate all this, and make him spotless as he was before the unlucky second Tuesday of last October. We will not now review Sam's public record as an entirety, but only take occasion to throw two bricks at him. First, he ought to have had Williams' dam specifically included in the operations of the Fish Law, so that we might have been enabled to catch our own black bass and pike as it were, and our own shad and eels; and, second, he ought to have passed a bill declaring "Visible" of the HERALD and "Alleghenv" of the TRIBUNE common nuisances—Hein!

—"Digging one'e own grave," is a common enough expression. But we venture to say that the job, as a literal fact, has seldom been accomplished. That at least ONE person dug his own grave, is well known to many persons living here. In the "deserted village" of Beulah, about the year 1800, a young girl sickened and died. A young man was detailed to dig a grave in the Beulah burying ground for the interment of the corpse. The funeral was held in due course of time; but when the procession reached the burying ground the mother of the dead girl, for some inexplicable reason, positively refused to allow the body to buried there. So another grave was dig this time in the woods on the side of the road running from Sechler's mill to the plank road at Robert Murray's, in Cambria township, where the remains were interred, and where they repose to this day. Not long after this the young man before spoken of died, and was buried in the grave which he himself had dug for the girl! We have been furnished with these facts connected with the history of "the man who dug his own grave" by one who lived cotemporaneously with the occurrence of the events narrated.

[COMMUNICATED.]

A WORD OF EXPLANATION

To any and all of those who sincerely desire to better the condition and increase the enjoyments and privileges of the Workingmen of America.

MR. EDITOR—The Constitution, Platform and Rules of Order of the Labor Reform Union of the United States has been submitted to your attention before this, in the hope that you, as well as all others to whom it shall come, will give it a most careful and serious consideration, as the work has been prepared with no little care, and, it is believed, will fulfill its desired objects. The reasons for this organization will be manifest to any one who has watched the progress of the Labor Reform movement for the last few years.

The intrigues of the money and political powers of the country against us, and their fixed determination at any hazard to cripple our resources and thwart our efforts, is patent to all. The thorough organization, and discipline of our enemies, and the great power they possess in being thoroughly prepared with the "sinews of war," renders this struggle of Labor against Capital one in which every possible resource within the reach of Labor must be brought to bear in the first instance with united avarice and tyranny. Considering what the producing classes of this country have at stake, the great injustice now perpetrated against them in the shape of a usury which, no honest thinker can deny, is equivalent to robbery, and the greater hardships in store for them in the near future, it behoves them to organize as one man in such a way as to be secure in their councils and efficient in the work of righting their wrongs.

Let no one underestimate the gravity of the situation or the supreme importance of the issues at stake. The emancipation of the slave was not so grand an achievement for humanity, civilization, and the vitality of our scheme of government, as shall be the emancipation of Labor from the thraldom of Capital and our beloved country from the rule of wrong, dishonesty and simulated patriotism. The crisis is imminent, the work is herculean, the objects to be attained the most beneficent in our history; shall we hesitate to use the most vigorous and efficient means at our command in the encounter?

The L. R. U. is an embodiment of the foundation and principles of the N. L. U., has been approved by the leading spirits of that organization, and, we doubt not, will be endorsed by all who have at heart the good of the workingmen of this country. It will not only create a brotherhood of men, but will cement interests, establish a common purpose and furnish the means to carry on one of the most momentous contests in the political arena ever known in this country.

There are now about forty Labor Reform Unions in Pennsylvania, numbering from two thousand to twenty-five hundred members each, and others are rapidly organizing. It is confidently believed that within six months there will be two hundred thousand enrolled under this banner in the States alone. We therefore believe you will appreciate the importance of this great work of emancipating American Labor, and that you will give it the best efforts at your command.

Hoping that you will give this a place in your columns for the welfare and prosperity of the working people, I remain

Yours, &c.,

A SUBSCRIBER.

TO THE SCHOOL DIRECTORS OF CAMBRIA CO.—*Gentlemen:* In pursuance of the forty-third section of the Act of May 8th, 1854, you are notified to meet in convention, at the Court House in Ebensburg, on the first Tuesday in May, A. D. 1872, being the seventh day of the month, at 1 o'clock in the afternoon, and select *viva voce*, by a majority of the whole number of directors present, one person of literary and scientific acquirements and of skill and experience in the art of teaching, as County Superintendent, for the three succeeding years; to determine the amount of compensation for the same; and certify the result to the State Superintendent, at Harrisburg, as required by the thirty-ninth and fortieth sections of said Act.

T. J. CHAPMAN.

County Superintendent of Cambria Co.

April 11, 1872.

ICE CREAM.—The ball has been opened—S. P. McCann has did it. Delicious Ice cream right along now. Be sure to take the ladies this evening. Everything nice at McCann's in the way of confectioneries, sweetmeats, canned fruits, and a general variety of good things. Call!

LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.

JOHNSTOWN, April 10, 1872.

Dear Freeman—The local news this week, so far at least as it has come to my knowledge, is of very little importance. The proceedings of our District Court are reported in the *Tribune*, except the case of the Commonwealth *vs.* Celestine Schmarburg, charged with adultery, who was bound over to next term in consequence of the jury failing to agree.

The Somerset Railroad.

The engineers are busy on the proposed railroad to Somerset, and as they progress nature developes not only a feasible route, but ore, coal and other material to feed the road when it is made.

The Means and the End.

This fact leads me to the following reflections: Just when salt was needed in Western Pennsylvania, it was discovered; just when steamboats and railroads were needed, steam was discovered. Just when railroads began to extend, telegraphing was discovered; just when the precious metals were needed, gold was discovered; just when the war broke out, and tallow would have risen to at least five dollars a pound, oil was discovered. So it is. "There's a Divinity that shapes our ends." How would railroads be managed without telegraph lines? It would be simply impossible. Railroads began to be built in the United States in 1830. In 1840 there were two thousand miles in operation. These lines could scarcely be managed then, but in 1840 the telegraph system was discovered. Now there are sixty thousand miles in operation—all directed in their operations by lightning. And as the population increases and the demand for other resources becomes pressing, new fields of wealth and material will be developed, and thus the mesh-work is ordained with the end will be made apparent.

A Gift.

Hay Brothers asked Rob Roy the other day if he was hatchety or sick, or if he could eat soup yet? R. R. replied enigmatically and Delphic orically. Hay Brothers said to go round and get some spoons, which R. R. did. Hay Brothers keep a store and tinware establishment on Washington street, opposite the Union Hall, and they are as clever men as live. If your readers want anything in the tinware, stove, or eave-spouting line, they should go to some firm on Washington street, and nowhere else.

Tom A. Hawk.

I am a man of near three-score years, and cherish malice against no one. I try to make an honest living. I have written near two hundred letters for your paper within the last four years. In writing them I never knew that I expressed one malice against any one, nor did I assail character or reputation. But I have finally been assailed, without cause or provocation, and that, too, by one (or three) whom I have often befriended. I have nourished and brought up children (friends unto me) who have rebelled against me. I may truthfully exclaim as I pluck the "Tomahawk" from the gaping wound, *Et tu Brutus!* Never was ingrate more ungrateful. He caught my beard to kiss, but stabbed me to the heart. Judas, Arnold, Burr and Hull were Patriots compared to the serf-ants of *Tom A. Hawk*. Dalton, Myat and Robespierre were saints compared with the *trio* of modern assassins (the three C's) who have combined to crush me.—*Tom A. Hawk!* What an appropriate name! An Indian's weapon—a cowyel's implement—a battle-axe that has often been plunged into the hearts of our innocent countrymen—an instrument that has often been drawn, wreaking with human blood, from the hearts of defenceless men, women and children! The coward's shield—the assassin's defence. Again we exclaim, how appropriate! We need not tell your readers anything about the Indian's mode of warfare. Falling upon the unfortunate in the rear—he ate of the pale face's bread, and then with cowardly malice struck the fatal blow with his concealed *tomahawk*.

But who is *Tom A. Hawk?* No matter who. He may be a *tom*, or a *Hawk*, or a *goose*, but he certainly is a blunderer. Nay, if he were all three, conjoined and combined, he would still be a slanderer. One may prompt, another may indite, and the third may have it printed, but he is still a slanderer. And what is a slanderer? A man more detestable than Conway Tiffin, selfed legislator, more loathsome than Milton's sin, and for whom a hotter than Dante's hell is prepared. A *thief*!—for "He who robs me of my good name takes from me that which not enriches him, but makes me poor indeed." A *dastard*!—for he lurks in the dark and filches away the means by which I live." A *coward!*—for he utters in one's absence what he dare not utter in one's presence. An *assassin!*—for he skulks behind a covert name and strikes the deadly blow. A *fiend* he is, as Dwight says, "revolts with a Satanic smile over the reputation he has ruined."

Some slander without sire, but this ingrate's attack has a deep-damning purpose. It is to injure my prospects before a convention of men who, for one or two or at least of the *trio* will be aspirants for office. The conspiracy of Catiline was not more bold, nor the cunning of Richelieu more subtle. *Tom A. Hawk* would

"Damn with faint praise, provoke with civil leer.
And, without sneering, still make others sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
He hints a fault, he hesitates dislike."

Yet all for the hell-born purpose of insidiously gaining an undue ascendancy; but,

"Be he spirit of hell, or goblin damned,
Yet I will speak to him."

And now, *Tom A. Hawk*, what gratification can a young man like you take in destroying the reputation of a man of three-score years and of his family too? For, sir, as Guilford Dudley said, "What I forfeit for myself is a trifle, but that such slanders should affect my posterity wounds me to the heart." Why disport facts, circumstances, circulate slanders that you positively know to be such, to gain a point? If your education is equal to mine, go upon merit. If not, acknowledge it like a man, and do not strike in the dark like an assassin. If I have, in my claims, in your homeopathic soul too little to permit me to assert them? You know I am competent; then let me run my chance with the rest. Don't murder me to get me out of your way. There is a judgment day. Don't throw away your honor and barter your soul's salvation for a paltry office. I have but a few years to live at best, and a severe fright disease may reduce those years to days. Then let me die in peace. You are young, and if you trust honor and honesty and truthfulness to guide you, you may live a long time and be useful in your day. Don't let sordid avarice and vile malice drag you downward and make of you, like a maggot, in your own putridity. If the Darwin theory does make a monkey of you, try and be a respectable monkey at least.

I too could attack your character. I could call you a lecherous scoundrel, who by "plowing with my heifer found out my riddle." But I do not desire to make myself a slanderer and cut-throat because others do. When young I read these brief lines in Virgil, which made a deep impression on me, and which I now commend to you:

"Fertile *Scamandrus* Averni, sed revocare gradum,
Hoc opus,"

etc.

Which means that it is easier to go to hell than to get back. I could hit you hard—you are vulnerable. But what earthly good would it do me to ridicule you? Nay, I scorn to do so. If you had not made yourself so contemptible I would still call you "brother"—"friend!"

You may continue to blacken my character in a number of letters, from this to the first Tuesday of May, as you have threatened to do, but for all these things you must give a strict account to God, and on your dying bed you will deeply regret that you ever wielded the slanderer's pen. If we may judge from the acts of others in their dying moments, you, unless you speedily repent, will look back with withering despair upon the blood-stained past,

"When you, to sulphurous and tormenting flames,
Must render up yourself."

ROB ROY.

SUMMERHILL TWP., April 9, 1872.

Dear Freeman—On Friday last we witnessed a very melancholy spectacle. It was the funeral of two children—Harry B. and Ida—of Mr. D. D. Evans, both of whom fell victims to the "red demon of the nursery," scarlet fever—the former on Wednesday and the latter on Thursday morning. The grief-stricken parents have, as they well deserve, the sincere sympathy of the entire community in their double bereavement.

John F. McGough, of this township, had the misfortune to lose two fingers of his left hand on Tuesday of last week. He was carrying a large stone on his shoulder, when he slipped on some ice which was concealed from his observation by leaves and rubbish, in consequence of which he had to drop the stone, which came down on his hand, completely severing two of the digits and demoralizing another badly.

James Dimond, also of this township, an employee on the local freight train, P. R. R., had one of his legs broken and sustained other severe injuries, on Wednesday last, somewhere along the railroad, while engaged in shifting freight, in consequence of a hogshead filled with queensware, which he was helping to carry, falling upon him. He is a young man, and has been married about a month.

A letter from a lady friend in Allegheny city informs me that W. H. McEnroe, Esq., formerly editor of the *Democrat & Sentinel*, was married in Washington, Pa., on Tuesday of last week, to Miss Sadie Rush, of Noblestown. I think. So a young legal friend has quitted the state of bachelordom and taken unto himself a rib, albeit a *Rush*, to cheer him on his way through the vicissitudes of life. May neither ever have cause to (McEn) rue the step they have taken, and may our friend "Will" do a good part hereafter in all the transactions of life. So mote it be.

Rain and mud are plentiful just now. Thermometer indicated summer heat yesterday.—The fall crops, notwithstanding the severity of the winter, look well. A great many farmers are complaining of the loss of potatoes by the severe freezing during the winter.

The Lutherans are about erecting a fine new church in Wilmore. Ditto the Methodists.

No "sn itsins," or "log rollins," or dances, to report at present. How are you Tom A. Hawk? Does your mother know you're out?

Tom A. Hawk's attack on Rob Roy in the last *Herald* is base and slanderous in the extreme—and the author or authors of it, if they are susceptible to shame, should hunt a knot hole to crawl into.

SOLTERO.

OH MY!—Just one month had Mattie been married to me when the dear little puss came and sat on my knee, and with cunningest "peepers" that ever was seen, whispered, "Hubbie, I must have a sewing Machine." Of course I consented—what new husband wouldn't?—If it cost me a thousand, deny her I couldn't. So I asked my pet blandly what kind I should bring her, and wisely she suggested a Singer. So straightway I went to Cham. Roberts' store, and bought her a Singer and many things more that a wife needs at all times and appreciates well—things which C. T. Roberts alone keeps and so cheaply doth sell—and that's about all I need for to tell.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

The advertiser, having been permanently cured of that dread disease, Consumption, by a simple remedy, is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure. To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used, (free of charge) with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a SURE CURE for *Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c.* Parties wishing the prescription will please address

11-11.-1y. REV. EDWARD A. WILSON,
264 South Third St., Williamsburgh, N. Y.

HARRY MAYER is always there, at No. 214, Opera House, Main street, Johnstown, selling cheaper and durable made-up clothing for men and boys. Mr. Mayer is an old hand in the business and knows how to buy. He is also a good judge of goods, and hence keeps the very best stock of goods on hand. Then he sells cheap and that is the main point. What would you want more than good, cheap and durable ready-made clothing? Mr. Mayer also keeps on hand all kinds of gent's furnishing goods, which he sells as cheap as the cheapest.

L. COHEN can furnish any man who wishes to get married with a tip-top hat. Do you want to go to Congress, get one of Cohen's hats; or to the Legislature, get one of Cohen's hats; or to a foreign country, get one of Cohen's hats. Do you want to go to work, get a hat at Cohen's; or a hunting, get one of Cohen's hats. Always go to Cohen! Cause why, he has the best hats, caps, collars, cuffs and neckties in the market; nay, in the world! Then he sells cheaper than the heathen Chinee, and always a good article.

METEORIC.—Meteorology and all such words come from the Mansion House corner, Johnstown, where John J. Murphy makes a perfect meteoric display of dry goods, dress goods, household goods, and carpets. Muslins by the web, ribbons by the bolt, lace by the mile, and fancy goods by the ton. John J. Murphy has the knack of selling cheap. He would sell an entire web of cloth at one cent profit, or more, just as the notion took him, and then he is always as bright as a meteor. Sugar in ours.

BARGAINS IN CLOTHING.—We cannot too earnestly invite the attention of our gentlemen friends to the elosing out of sale of ready-made clothing and furnishing goods at the store late of Jacob Pircher, dec'd, Montgomery st., Hollidaysburg. We know the goods to be perfect in make, pleasing in styles, firm in textures, varied in patterns, and fully as cheap in prices as wholesale city rates. These are facts, and those who want to buy clothing will do well to be guided by them. Bargains for all buyers.

THERE are a great many ways to "raise a breeze," but the best way to get along well is to take the most favorable wind and current you can, and then paddle your own canoe. If you want a nice, calm and pleasant sea at home, buy some of the nice cook stoves sold by George Huntley, High street, Ebensburg, and furnish your domicil with some of his nice tinware and other wares, as well as fresh groceries and such like—all which he keeps in great profusion and sells at honest prices for the cash.

MIND THAT NOW!—E. J. Mills, as we told you before, is about to add to his stock now in store a choice lot of groceries, cheap, fresh and sweet—such an assortment indeed as will all demands meet,—and among other things nice that there can be bought will be sugar-cured hams, a very nice line. So hold yourself in ready, for the time draweth nigh when your little money will enable all to live high. Cheap and good is the motto Mills has adopted. Go and see him.

THIS is a heading of a paragraph in a Western paper, recording a suicide: "He blew his head off. Billions, poor, and disheartened—the gun muzzle in his mouth—the trigger—bang—and up goes his hair." It is a singular fact, but true as it is singular, that not a single person who ever bought a bill of goods at V. S. Barker's Cheap Cash Store ever got billous or became poor or grew discontented. The moral is—buy your goods at V. S. B's.

CAUTION.—Every genuine box of DR. MCLANE'S LIVER PILLS bears the signature of FLEMING BROS., and their private United States Stamp. "Take no other." The market is full of imitations.

HYMENIAL.

STORM—HAIKINS.—Married, on Tuesday last, 9th inst., at St. John's (catholic) church, Altoona, with Nuptial Mass, by Very Rev. J. Tuigg, Mr. John F. Storm and Miss G. E. Haikins, both of that city.

As lawyers are sometimes forced to do in a suit at law, we feel constrained to plead surprise in this instance—not surprise at the happy union which has taken place between two of our best and dearest friends—not surp ise at the fact that Miss Haikins possesses a womanly eminently deserving of so good a husband—not yet surprise at the X-traordinary generosity which has been manifested by him in our behalf—but surprise that we should be deemed worthy of so munificent a sum as accompanied the above welcome notice. Without presuming we could wish them all the happiness that we died life can bestow, and to that we need only add the hope that God may bless them abundantly in this world and vouchsafe to both of them an eternity of peace and true happiness in the world to come.

The *Storm* is bound, and now a calm
Awaits thee on life's halcyon sea,
Where every breeze is filled with balm,
And not a sorrow troubles thee.

Æolus wafts thy bark along,
While Neptune smoothes the billowy way;
Nine goddess sisters furnish song,
Yet Venus rules with virtuous sway.

And as the light wave bears thee on,
Oh! sketch the scene with master hand,
And let the panorama drawn
Be light and shade of sea and land.

A happy voyage while you live,
With days prolonged and skies serene;
But, *Hymen*, this warning give:
Little Storms may intervene.

But when the destined port beyond
Rises like Canaan's wished-for shore,
Let love still unto love respond,
Until life's fitful dream is o'er.

OBITUARY.

EVANS.—Died, at Wilmore, on Thursday, April 4th, Ida, daughter of E. D. and G. Evans, aged 5 years and 5 months.

Sorrows, like misfortunes, come not singly. Last week, we noticed the death of a son of Mr. Evans; this week, of a daughter. In their great bereavement, the afflicted family have the sympathy of all.

EDELBLUTE.—Died, in Ebensburg, on Saturday, 6th instant, Mr. Maxwell Edelblute, in the 30th year of his age.

The deceased was received into the communion of the Catholic Church a few weeks before his death, and gave unmistakable proofs of the ardor of his faith and a firm hope of a peaceful eternity. The funeral cortege to his last earthly resting-place in the Catholic graveyard here was one of the largest ever witnessed in this vicinity. He has left a wife and three children. May he rest in peace.

CAUTION.—Notice is hereby given that I have left with Michael Snyder, on the farm of Frederick Snyder and heirs, in Carroll township, a BAY MARE, 6 years old. All persons are cautioned against interfering with said Mare, as she is my property.

April 6, 1872-3t. FREDERICK SNYDER.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The under signed, appointed Auditor to distribute the money in the hands of the Sheriff arising from the sale of the real estate of Evan Evans, late of Ebensburg, borough, Cambria county, deceased, hereby gives notice that he will attend for that purpose, at his office in Ebensburg, on *Thursday, May* 16th, 1872, at two o'clock P. M., when and where all persons interested may attend.

JOHN S. RHEY.

Ebensburg, April 13, 1872.-4t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The under signed, appointed Auditor to distribute the money in the hands of the Sheriff arising from the sale of the real estate of Evan Evans and Thomas D. Davis, hereby gives notice that he will attend for that purpose, at his office in Ebensburg, on *Thursday, the 16th of May*, 1872, at 2 o'clock P. M., when and where all persons interested may attend.

JOHN S. RHEY.

Ebensburg, April 13, 1872.-4t.

SHERIFF'S SALE.—By virtue of a writ of *Al. Vend. Expon.* issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, to me directed, there will be exposed to Public Sale, at the Court House in Ebensburg, on *Monday*, the 29th day of *April*, at one o'clock P. M., the following Real Estate to wit: All the right, title, and interest of A. G. Fry, of, in and to a lot of ground situate in West Ward, Ebensburg borough, Cambria county, fronting on Julian street 50 feet adjoining lot of Wm. H. Sechler on the north, lot of William Kittell on the south, and extending back 60 feet to lot of A. G. Fry—not now occupied. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of F. A. Shoemaker.

W. B. BONACKER, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, April 8, 1872.

TREASURER'S SALE
—OF—
UNSEATED LANDS AND LOTS
IN CAMBRIA COUNTY, A. D. 1872.

I, JOHN COX, Treasurer of Cambria County, in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in pursuance of the several Acts of Assembly in said Commonwealth, directing the time and manner of selling Unseated Lands for Taxes, *do hereby give notice* that the following described Tracts of Unseated Lands and Lots of Ground in the said County of Cambria, or such parts thereof as may be necessary to pay arrearages of taxes due thereon for one year or more, will be offered for sale at the *Court House in the Borough of Ebensburg*, on the **Second Monday** (being the **10th** day) **of June next**, and continue, by adjournment from day to day, until the whole be sold for such arrearages of taxes and costs necessarily accruing thereon.

UNSEATED LANDS.

NAMES OF OWNERS OR WARRANTEES.

A's	P's		Years.	Taxes.
		ADAMS TOWNSHIP.		
433	40	Robert Ross	1870 & 1871	$ 26 85
401		Jacob Clement	" "	24 87
81		Thomas Smith	" "	2 76
50		Thomas Smith	" "	1 70
235	54	Penn'a R. R. Co	"	52 60
403		Henry Rice	"	24 80
223		James Costlow	"	7 50
100		Francis Devlin	"	6 20
197		Henry Barrington	"	8 92
		BLACKLICK TOWNSHIP.		
100		John Jordan	" "	11 23
100		Andrew Duff	" "	8 70
300		Jacob Pressinger	" "	45 80
335		Paul Lebo	" "	48 88
137		Daniel Leavy	" "	20 01
97		John W. Duncan	" "	12 00
83		Jas. Duncan's Estate	" "	5 40
160		Samuel Reed & Stiles	" "	7 20
219		Lewis Edwards, jr	" "	9 86
100		Samuel Brallier	" "	7 88
317		Lewis Barr	" "	40 58
130		John Tilford	" "	16 06
53		Thomas Stiles	" "	3 65
20		Duncan & Brallier	" "	1 35
37		Henry B. Campbell	" "	4 55
50		William Davis	" "	4 35
50		Gabriel Boring	" "	6 18
105		Thomas R. Williams	" "	12 95
150		A. S. Rathbone	" "	17 43
515		Daniel & John Davis	" "	39 19
160		Stewart & Stooten	" "	7 84
		CAMBRIA TOWNSHIP.		
33		E. Abrams & J. Bennett	" "	4 15
144		Thomas R. Stewart	" "	6 83
356		George Reynolds	" "	13 76
174		John Morgan	" "	21 58
100		John Brown	" "	7 40
150		Evan M. Davis	" "	8 75
100		Johnston Moore	" "	13 15
		CARROLL TOWNSHIP.		
108		Thomas Edwards	" "	18 23
25		John Hoops	" "	4 23
100		Thomas Williams	" "	16 90
160		John Baldwin	" "	24 93
59		Godfrey Twells	" "	9 08
108		James Hoops	" "	27 65
90		John B. Huffman	" "	15 21
240		Alex. Barr (part of)	" "	22 56
240		Alex. Barr (part of)	" "	18 00
		CHEST TOWNSHIP.		
336	110	William P. Barker	" "	198 17
452	44	Anthony Simons	" "	151 42
452	44	Nat'n Loughborough	" "	151 42
380	52	Thomas Ketland	" "	129 34
403	153	John Ashley	" "	144 53
400	63	Thomas Masters	" "	134 09
350	28	John Ketland	" "	90 65
123	80	Henry Phillips	" "	36 90
131	68	Charles Pope	" "	67 83
235	68	George Pope	" "	59 65
332	37	Joseph Pope	" "	96 90
212	44	Samuel Ruth	" "	35 34
168	132	George Gilson	" "	65 43
150	152	Henry Seely	" "	15 60
136	37	Samuel Peters	" "	50 19
319	157	Hugh Hoops	" "	53 18
282	108	John Pope	" "	44 76
216	166	James Hoops	" "	87 00
209	141	George Hoops	" "	31 04
124	121	Nathan Foster	" "	16 10
187	120	Henry Fockler (part of)	" "	16 71
72		Joseph Pope (part of)	" "	16 13
260		Andrew Weaver	" "	104 40
450		William Gray	" "	36 90
74		Simon Noel	" "	6 96
433	152	Joseph Gray	" "	29 00
350		Jas. Foster & G. Gilson	" "	162 31
388		Saml Butler & S. Ruth	" "	66 52
428		Thomas Penrose	" "	69 41
263	71	William Parker	" "	127 56
263	120	Henry Barrington	" "	65 48
156	137	Simon Walker	" "	49 46
172	139	John Hoops	" "	19 89
460		George Swentz	" "	41 60
460		Robert Ewing	" "	41 60
377	106	Lloyd & Hipsh	" "	36 57
379		Finney & Barrows	" "	25 11
162		Dress & Fox	" "	15 00
100		Frederick Doersch	" "	3 00
60		William Butler	" "	1 80
		CLEARFIELD TOWNSHIP.		
223	154	William Barton	" "	82 05
439		Samuel Bethel	" "	15 60
223	154	Ezekial Farmer	" "	34 95
116		William Tilton	" "	18 40
25		John Mitchell	" "	3 76
188		Lewis Wolf	" "	28 20
25		John Young	" "	1 56
200		Abraham Singer	" "	30 04
100		Wm. Barton (part of)	" "	17 20
100		Wm. Barton (part of)	" "	17 20
200		Patrick Kelly	" "	25 60
200		Patrick Such	" "	25 60
60		Mark Maguire	" "	11 64
130		Sylvester McMullen	" "	25 22
400

THE SPLENDOR OF THE WEST.

SWITZERLAND AND ITALY WITHIN OUR OWN BORDERS—GLORIES OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

As the men of enterprise and science advance into the unexplored recesses of our republic—pioneers, road building, gold searchers—every step brings a new revelation of this republic's wealth and beauty. We, as a people, are regarded by the critics of the messy, overgrown and cabined nations of Continental Europe as given to exaggeration. "The special intellectual foible of the Americans," says the London *Spectator*, "is their admiration for the grandiose." Yet we cannot write the plain discoveries recorded in the *Herald* without seeming to the foreign mind to indulge in grandiose rhetoric. Every day seems to bring forth a new wonder, and the time is coming quickly when the tides of health desiring and wonder-seeking travel will be from Europe to America.

Why, for instance, should we go to Switzerland to see the mountains, or to Iceland for geysers? Thirty years ago the attraction of America to the foreign mind was Niagara Falls. Now we have attractions which diminish Niagara into an ordinary exhibition. The Yo Semite, which the nation has made a park, the Rocky Mountains and their singular parks, the canyons of the Colorado, the Dalles of the Columbia, the giant trees, the lake country of Upper Minnesota, the country of the Yellowstone, with their beauty, their splendor, their extraordinary and sometimes terrible manifestations of nature, form a series of attractions possessed by no other nation in the world. When that famous city-item reporter, Charles Dickens, came here over thirty years ago, he was taken in state to see a Missouri prairie. He made an elaborate record of the disappointment to unman him and his failure to see anything to compare with the glen of Glencoe, in Scotland. The thought that our fathers were so ignorant of their own country as to regard a prairie its rarest attraction is not without humor, and we can well pardon the absence of any enthusiasm on the occasion of the stately visit, and the desire of Mr. Dickens to kill the tediousness of the journey by champagne and comic songs. But we really had little more than a prairie and some long, narrow, muddy, uninteresting rivers to show to the foreigner thirty years ago. The West was an unknown land to us. There was nothing but "desolation" beyond the Mississippi; and as to the Pacific, the Mexicans and Spaniards were in possession, and we had not fought our war for Texas and California. As we have said, why go to Switzerland to see the Alps? There is no exhilaration of air or beauty of scenery in the Alpine regions that we have not in Colorado. Within three or, by easy stages, four days from New York, the traveler finds himself stepping from a luxurious palace car into Denver, and from Denver sweeps a view that has no parallel in the world. Mountains and peaks, with every conceivable variety of color and beauty, stretching for a hundred miles north and south, their tops covered with perpetual snow. The mountain parks invite him for a summer's holiday. If he would hunt, there are deer on the mountains and buffaloes on the plains, and no angry Bergh to molest or make afraid. If he has scientific tastes, the rocks will tell him a geological story; the quartz formations will speak of the hidden riches of the earth; the flora will be full of profit and instruction. The air is pure and life-giving, and acts upon the nerves like champagne. Far beyond Switzerland, far beyond the Tyrol, or the Highlands, or the Lake country, or Norway, Colorado stands to-day inviting the tired citizen to come and find rest and health in the midsummer months.

Colorado is scarcely a new story, and we make this allusion as a hint to those of our readers who are wondering where to go in the summer. But here we have really a new story, told to us by General Phil Sheridan, who sent out an expedition to see, and whose report is in print. A few days since the Senate passed a bill setting apart as a public park, to the uses of the people of the United States forever, what we are in the habit of calling "the Yellowstone country." The passage of the act was wise, for as we read the reports published by General Sheridan, we find an aggregation of curiosities and natural phenomena in this proposed park that has no parallel in the world. As we peruse the precise and cold and formal words of these official reports we feel the glow and color of the Arabian Nights, or the legends of the Oriental nation. Those of our enthusiasts who care to found a new religion upon defined principles of eternal damnation will welcome the Yellowstone discoveries. For here are what we call "Sulphur Mountains," with marvelous deposits of brimstone; the earth covered with boiling springs, caverns of pure crystalized sulphur, the air dense with the fumes of sulphuretted hydrogen — "There was one spring having regular pulsations like an engine, giving off large quantities of steam, which would issue forth with the roar of a hurricane, a steam volcano in reality; whith deep vibrations in the subterranean caverns far away beneath the hills." What an opportunity for a powerful preacher to inculcate the doctrines, of eternal punishment, the vengeance of an angry God and the sure reward of all sins! Now that the movement towards secession and evangelical reformation is seen in many of our churches, here is an opportunity for an exodus as marked as that of Joseph Miller or Brigham Yonth.

Then we pass to scenes which have no theological associations. Why do we go to the Rhine to see the Dome of Cologne or the castled crag of Drachenfels? Here are turrets of granite and feldspar and castles of basaltic rock, lifted high into the air for hundreds of feet, carved with a surer hand and clearer eye than ever fashioned church or stronghold. One, for instance, which is thus described: "Turret or tower, one hundred and twenty feet in circumference; broken and crumbling masses of rock, suggesting a battlemented turret; the whole structure graceful in proportions and details, resembling an old castle somewhat in ruins, even to the portholes, made by small apertures in turret and base." Then we have pyramids of basaltic columns, as massive and vast as those of Egypt, says the writer, and of many colors, mainly of a deep red tint from the salts of iron, but not unfrequently of a delicate gray, saffron, a light gamboge, pink and green, and the ashes of roses. Then we have cascades and rocky gorges and caverns.—The cascades especially! One fall one hundred and fifteen feet, another three hundred and fifty feet, ending in sheeted foam and rainbow-tinted spray before it reaches the ground. There are valleys of chalk-colored rocks more marvellous than the Dover cliffs, which Shakespeare paints in his immortal poetry, and volcanoes ever throwing up mud of the consistency of thick cream, so that the surrounding forest trees are covered with mud on their topmost branches. In one place there are streams and spouting springs of hot water; five streams of boiling water, we are told, in porcelain channels of many hues, from bright saffron to deep vermillion, rippling over cascades worn into the terraced sides of the rocks. Over this rise masses of vapor shadowing over waters of ultramarine blue, with rings of rainbow tints, yellow, orange and red of "astounding beauty," becoming bright vermillion and then silvering into a clearness like that of a crystal and a color like the turquoise.

All of this so far above the level of the sea that every night in the year brings frost! But the air is so clear and gentle and rarified that although the morning shows the delicate tinted flower to be fretted wich frost, as though traced with delicate lacework, the sun dissolves the frost as though it were a dew, without tingeing the bloom of the flower or withering a leaf or stem. And we come to the geysers, the most extraordinary phenomenon of all. Looking from one point—an extinct volcanic crater, called, queerly enough, "Old Faithful"—the eye takes in the whole geyser valley, with its thousand steam jets and graceful fountains, nestled between high hills covered with foliage. It is hard to write of these geysers without our imagination carrying us away. There is the old "Comet Geyser," for instance, who has made his own reputation already. A roar like that of a tornado and a stream leaping two hundred feet into the air, throwing out masses of steam—only think of it! Not to speak of the mud spring, as yet unnamed, but certainly deserving great renown, for this spring throws up at least a thousand jets of steam within a space of one hundred and fifty feet, discharging minute particles of fine clay, of the purest white and orange and pink, ready for the moulder to work into the porcelain.

So we might continue this story, for there is really no end to it. Nature in a fantastic mood has had her way in this strange country, and future ages will find the pilgrim looking for the wonderful and awe-inspiring; the man of science seeking to read the riddles of our mysterious planet; the weary worker craving a summer's rest; the stricken invalid yearning for the health-restoring waters and vapors and medicinal springs which here abound. We as yet scarcely know anything of the Yellowstone. The Indians occupy the approaches to the region, and thus far it has been only seen by armed men and road builders, forcing their way into the wilderness to find a path for the northern road to the Pacific. Every day these pioneers of enterprise and civilization make an advance, and as we have said, each step developes some new wonder of nature. In a few years the locomotive will carry the homes of civilization into these hidden and forbidden territories, the Indian will be forced into countries nearer the setting sun, and the region so wisely set apart as a national park will become a summer resort for our citizens and for travellers from other lands, rivalling and superceding in its advantages and opportunities for study, rest and pleasures Saratoga and the seashore, the White Mountains and Niagara Falls, or any possible attraction outside of a castle, a church or a mummy that the Old World can show.—*N. Y. Herald.*

A. W. Erwin & Co.,
172 and 174 Federal St.
ALLEGHENY, PA.

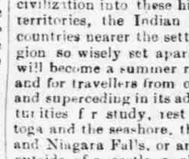
Respectfully announce to their numerous customers, and buyers of Dry Goods generally, that they are now receiving, and are daily opening, their usual large and elegant assortment of Spring Goods; and that their capacious salesrooms are now filled with all the choicest novelties of the season, embracing many new styles and fabrics never before offered in this market. Special attention is requested to the stock of Black Alpacas, Silks, medium and low priced Dress Goods, Housekeeping Goods, and Shawls.

Having the handsomest and best lighted Store Room in the two cities, and keeping nothing but the best makes of goods, and guaranteeing our prices to be as low as the lowest, we are satisfied that we can make it to the interest of purchasers to look through our stock before making their spring purchases. To close buyers at wholesale, we can offer some special inducements; we carry one of the largest stocks of goods in this market, comprising many things in Shawls and medium priced Dress Goods, not kept in regular wholesale houses. We guarantee our prices as low as any New York or Philadelphia quotations, and only ask an examination to convince buyers that we can do them good.

A. W. ERWIN & CO.

172 & 174 Federal St., Allegheny City.

L. D. SINE'S GIFT ENTERPRISE



ESTABLISHED IN 1854.

Principal Office 101 W. Fifth St., Cincinnati, O.
The only RELIABLE GIFT DISTRIBUTION in the country.

$60,000.00
IN VALUABLE GIFTS!

TO BE DISTRIBUTED IN

L. D. SINE'S
154th Regular Monthly
Gift Enterprise!

To be drawn Monday, April 29th, 1872.
Two Grand Capitals of
$5,000 each in Greenbacks!
Two Prizes $1,000 Each
Five Prizes $500 Each
Ten Prizes $100 Each
GREENBACKS.

1 Horse and Buggy, with Silver-mounted Harness, worth $600
One Fine-toned Rosewood Piano, worth $500.
Ten Family Sewing Machines, worth $100 each.
Five Heavy Cased Gold Hunting Watches and Heavy Gold Chains, worth $300 each.
Five Gold American Hunting Watches, - worth $120 each.
TEN LADIES' GOLD HUNTING WATCHES, worth $100 each.
800 Gold and Silver Lever Hunting Watches, worth from $20 to $300 each!
Ladies' Gold Locotine and Gent's Gold Vest Chains, Solid and Double-Plated Silver Table and Teaspoons, Photograph Albums, Jewelry, &c., &c., &c.
Whole number Gifts, 6,000. Tickets Limited to 60,000

AGENTS WANTED to Sell Tickets, to whom Liberal Premiums will be given.

SINGLE TICKETS $1; SIX TICKETS $5; TWELVE TICKETS $10; TWENTY-FIVE TICKETS $20.

Circulars containing a full list of prizes, a description of the manner of drawing, and other information in reference to the Distribution, will be sent to any one ordering them. All letters must be addressed to

OFFICE, 101 W. 5th St., L. D. SINE, Box 86, CINCINNATI, O.

W. W. JAMISON, M. D.,
Loretto, Cambria Co., Pa,

Tenders his professional services to all citizens of the above place and vicinity who may at any time need Medical aid. [apr.21.-tf.]

1872. SPRING. 1872.

I am now prepared to offer
SUPERIOR INDUCEMENTS
TO CASH PURCHASERS OF
TIN, SHEET-IRON & COPPER WARE.
EITHER AT
WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.

My stock consists in part of every variety of
Tin, Sheet-Iron,
COPPER AND BRASS WARES,
ENAMELLED AND PLAIN
SAUCE-PANS, BOILERS &c,
COAL SHOVELS, MINE LAMPS, OIL CANS, HOUSEFURNISHING HARDWARE OF EVERY KIND.

Spear's Anti-Dust
HEATING AND COOKING STOVES,
EXCELSIOR COOKING STOVES.
NOBLE, TRIUMPH AND PARLOR COOKING STOVES.

And any Cooking Stove desired I will get when ordered at manufacturer's prices.—Odd Stove Plates and Grates, &c., for repairs, on hand for the Stoves I sell; others will be ordered when wanted. Particular attention given to

Spouting, Valleys and Conductors
all of which will be made out of best materials and put up by competent workmen.

Lamp Burners, Wick and Chimneys
WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.

I would call particular attention to the Light House Burner, with Glass Cone, for giving more light than any other in use. Also, the Paragon Burner, for Crude Oil.

SUGAR KETTLES AND CAULDRONS
of all sizes constantly on hand.

Special attention given to
Jobbing in Tin, Copper and Sheet-Iron,
at lowest possible rates.

WHOLESALE MERCHANTS' LISTS now ready, and will be sent on application by mail or in person

Hoping to see all my old customers and many new ones this Spring, I return my most sincere thanks for the very liberal patronage I have already received, and will endeavor to please all who may call, whether they buy or not.

FRANCIS W. HAY.
Johnstown, March 7, 1867.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES.
TO CASH CUSTOMERS!
AT THE EBENSBURG
HOUSE-FURNISHING STORE.

The undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Ebensburg and the public generally that he has made a great reduction in prices to CASH BUYERS. My stock will consist, in part, of *Cooking, Parlor and Heating Stoves*, of the most popular kinds; *Tinware* of every description, of my own manufacture; *Hardware* of all kind, such as Locks, Screws, Butt Hinges, Table Hinges, Shutter Hinges, Bolts, Iron and Nails, Window Glass, Putty, Table Knives and Forks, Carving Knives and Forks, Meat Cutters, Apple Parers, Pen and Pocket Knives in great variety, Scissors, Shears, Razors and Strops Axes, Hatchets, Hammers, Boring Machines, Augers, Chissels, Planes, Compasses, Squares, Files, Rasps, Anvils, Vises, Wrenches, Rip, Panel and Cross-Cut Saws, Chains of all kinds, Shovels, Spades, Scythes and Snaths, Rakes, Forks, Sleigh Bells, Shoe Lasts, Pegs, Wax Bristles, Clothes Wringers, Grind Stones, Patent Molasses Gates and Measures, Lumber Sticks, Horse Nails, Horse Shoes, Cast Steel, Rifles, Shoe Guns, Revolvers, Pistols, Cartridges, Powder, Caps, Lead, &c., Odd Stove Plates, Grates and Fire Bricks, Well and Cistern Pumps and Tubing; *Harness and Saddlery Ware* of all kind; *Wooden and Willow Ware* in great variety; Carbon Oil and Oil Lamps, Fish Oil, Lard Oil, Linseed Oil, Lubricating Oil, Rosin, Tar, Glassware, Paints, Varnishes, Turpentine, Alcohol, &c.

FAMILY GROCERIES,

such as Tea, Coffee, Sugars, Molasses, Syrups, Spices, Dried Peaches, Dried Apples, Fish, Hominy, Crackers, Rice and Pearl Barley; Soaps, Candles; TOBACCO and CIGARS; Paint, Whitewash, Scrub, Horse, Shoe, Dusting, Varnish, Stove, Clothes and Tooth Brushes, all kinds and sizes; Bed Cords and Manilla Ropes, and many other articles at the lowest rates for CASH.

☞ *House Spouting* made, painted and put up at low rates for *cash*. A liberal discount made to country dealers buying Tinware wholesale. GEO. HUNTLEY

Ebensburg, Feb. 28, 1867.-tf.

GEORGE W. YEAGER,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
HEATING AND COOK STOVES
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,
TIN, COPPER AND SHEET-IRON WARE
OF HIS OWN MANUFACTURE,
And GENERAL JOBBER in SPOUTING
and all other work in his line.

Virginia Street, near Caroline Street.
ALTOONA, PA.

The only dealer in the city having the right to sell the renowned "BARLEY SHEAF" COOK STOVE, the most perfect complete and satisfactory Stove ever introduced to the public.

STOCK IMMENSE. - PRICES LOW.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

LOOK WELL TO YOUR UNDERSTANDINGS!
BOOTS AND SHOES
For Men's and Boys' Wear.

The undersigned respectfully informs his numerous customers and the public generally that he is prepared to manufacture BOOTS and SHOES of any desired size or quality, from the finest French calfskin boots to the coarsest brogan, in the VERY BEST MANNER, on the shortest notice, and at as moderate prices as like work can be obtained anywhere.

Those who have worn Boots and Shoes made at my establishment need no assurance as to the superior quality of my work. Others can easily be convinced of the fact if they will only give me a trial. Try and be convinced.

☞ Repairing of Boots and Shoes attended to promptly and in a workmanlike manner.

Thankful for past favors I feel confident that my work and prices will commend me to a continuance and increase of the same.

JOHN D. THOMAS.
Ebensburg, April 28, 1869.

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN HAIR RENEWER.

Every year increases the popularity of this valuable Hair Preparation; which is due to merit alone. We can assure our old patrons that it is kept fully up to its high standard; and it is the only reliable and perfected preparation for restoring GRAY OR FADED HAIR to its youthful color, making it soft, lustrous, and silken. The scalp, by its use, becomes white and clean. It removes all eruptions and dandruff, and, by its tonic properties, prevents the hair from falling out, as it stimulates and nourishes the hair-glands. By its use, the hair grows thicker and stronger. In baldness, it restores the capillary glands to their normal vigor, and will create a new growth, except in extreme old age. It is the most economical HAIR DRESSING ever used, as it requires fewer applications, and gives the hair a splendid, glossy appearance. A. A. Hayes, M.D., State Assayer of Massachusetts, says, "The constituents are pure, and carefully selected for excellent quality; and I consider it the BEST PREPARATION for its intended purposes."

Sold by all Druggists, and Dealers in Medicines.
Price One Dollar.

Buckingham's Dye
FOR THE WHISKERS.

As our Renewer in many cases requires too long a time, and too much care, to restore gray or faded Whiskers, we have prepared this dye, in *one preparation*; which will quickly and effectually accomplish this result. It is easily applied, and produces a color which will neither rub nor wash off. Sold by all Druggists. Price Fifty Cents.

Manufactured by R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N.H.

Ayer's
Cherry Pectoral,

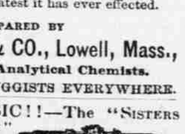
For Diseases of the Throat and Lungs, such as Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma, and Consumption.

Among the great discoveries of modern science, few are of more real value to mankind than this effectual remedy for all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. A vast trial of its virtues, throughout this and other countries, has shown that it does surely and effectually control them. The testimony of our best citizens, of all classes, establishes the fact, that CHERRY PECTORAL will and does relieve and cure the afflicting disorders of the Throat and Lungs beyond any other medicine. The most dangerous affections of the Pulmonary Organs yield to its power; and cases of **Consumption,** cured by this preparation, are publicly known, so remarkable as hardly to be believed, were they not proven beyond dispute. As a remedy it is adequate, on which the public may rely for full protection. By curing **Coughs,** the forerunners of more serious disease, it saves unnumbered lives, and an amount of suffering not to be computed. It challenges trial, and convinces the most sceptical. Every family should keep it on hand as a protection against the early and unperceived attack of Pulmonary Affections, which are easily met at the start which become incurable, and too often fatal, if neglected. Tender lungs need this defence; and it is unwise to be without it. As a safeguard to children, amid the distressing diseases which beset the Throat and Chest of childhood, CHERRY PECTORAL is invaluable; for, by its timely use, multitudes are rescued from premature graves, and saved to the love and affection centred on them. It acts speedily and surely against ordinary colds, securing sound and health-restoring sleep. No one will suffer troublesome **Influenza** and painful **Bronchitis,** when they know how easily they can be cured.

Originally the product of long, laborious, and successful chemical investigation, no cost or toil is spared in making every bottle in the utmost possible perfection. It may be confidently relied upon as possessing all the virtues it has ever exhibited, and capable of producing cures as memorable as the greatest it has ever effected.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.,
Practical and Analytical Chemists.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

MUSIC! MUSIC!!—The "SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH" will be prepared to give Lessons on the PIANO MELODEON or CABINET ORGAN at any time after Easter.



☞ For terms apply to the Superioress, Sister M. HORTENSE, or to Rev. R. C. CHRISTY, Charges moderate.
Ebensburg, April 1, 1871.-tf.

F. P. TIERNEY.....JAMES F. NULL.
LAW AND COLLECTION OFFICE
—OF—
TIERNEY & NULL,
Colonade Row, Ebensburg, Pa.
☞ Special attention paid to collections in all parts of the United States. [2-18-'71.-tf.]

GEO. W. OATMAN.....J. GALLITZIN LAKE.
OATMAN & LAKE,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
EBENSBURG, PA.
☞ Prompt attention given to CLAIMS of all kind in Cambria county, and throughout the United States and Canadas. [Feb. 10.-ly.*]

WM. H. SECHLER, Ebensburg. T. R. SCANLAN, Carrolltown.
SECHLER & SCANLAN,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
EBENSBURG, PA.
☞ Advice given in English and German.

C. W. EASLY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office, No. 108 Franklin street, Johnstown, Pa., two doors North of Frazer's Drug Store. Will attend promptly to all manner of legal business that may be entrusted to him.

GEO. M. READE, *Attorney-at-Law*, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in new building recently erected on Centre street, two doors from High street. ☞ Jnv].]

DANIEL McLAUGHLIN, *Attorney-at-Law*, Johnstown, Pa. Office in the old Exchange building, (up-stairs,) corner of Clinton and Locust streets. Will attend to all business connected with his profession.

F. A. SHOEMAKER.....GEO. A. BERRY.
SHOEMAKER & BERRY,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
March 11, 1871. *EBENSBURG, PA.*

JOHN P. LINTON, *Attorney-at-Law*, Johnstown, Pa. Office in building southwest corner of Main and Franklin streets, second story. Entrance on Franklin street.

T. W. DICK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in Colonade Row.—All manner of legal business attended to satisfactorily and collections a specialty. [10-14.tf.]

R. J. LLOYD, successor to R. S. BUNN, Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Perfumeries, Cigars, Tobacco, Notions, Paints, &c. Store on Main street, opposite the "Mansion House, Ebensburg, Pa. [April 17, 1868.]

NATURE'S
HAIR RESTORATIVE

TRADE MARK.

PATENTED.

Contains no LAC SULPHUR—No SUGAR OF LEAD—No LITHARGE—No NITRATE OF SILVER, and is entirely free from the Poisonous and Health-destroying Drugs used in other Hair Preparations.

Transparent and clear as crystal, it will not soil the finest fabric,—perfectly SAFE, CLEAN and EFFICIENT,—desideratums LONG SOUGHT FOR AND FOUND AT LAST!

It restores and prevents the Hair from becoming Gray, imparts a soft, glossy appearance, removes Dandruff, is cool and refreshing to the head, checks the Hair from falling off, and restores it to a great extent when prematurely lost, prevents Headache, cures all humors, cutaneous eruptions, and unnatural heat. AS A DRESSING FOR THE HAIR IT IS THE BEST ARTICLE IN THE MARKET.

DR. G. SMITH, Patentee, Ayer, Mass. Prepared only by PROCTOR BROTHERS, Gloucester, Mass. The genuine is put up in a panel bottle, made expressly for it, with the name of the article blown in the glass. Ask your Druggist for *NATURE'S HAIR RESTORATIVE*, and take no other.

☞ Send two three cent stamps to PROCTER BROTHERS for a "Treatise on the Human Hair." The information it contains is worth $500 to any person.

☞ For sale by LEMMON & MURRAY, Druggists, &c., Ebensburg, Pa. [June 3, '71.-ly.]

Dr. Crook's WINE or TAR
Established 1862.

A remedy which has been tested for 10 years, and proved in thousands of cases, capable of curing all Diseases of the Throat and Lungs; performing many remarkable cures. Its merits a trial from all who are suffering from similar affections and vainly seeking relief. Will you let prejudices prevent you from being cured also?

Coughs and Colds.—The Druggists say it cures them all.
Asthma.—The relief and cure—of it are marvelous.
Bronchitis.—Every sufferer will find relief and cure.
Throat Ailments require only a few doses.
Lung Diseases.—Has cured cases pronounced incurable.
Debility.—It renovates and invigorates the system.
Liver Complaint.—Most effective regulator of this organ.
Dyspepsia.—Its healthy action on the stomach cures it.
Appetizer.—It is health-giving and appetite restoring.
Urinary Organs.—Action on them is marked and prompt.

THE WINE OF TAR is rich in the medicinal qualities of Tar, combined with vegetable ingredients of undoubted value, which make it unsurpassed, not only for the complaints enumerated but it rapidly restores exhausted strength, cleanses the Stomach, relaxes the Liver and puts them to work, causes the food to digest, and makes pure blood, and begets a vivacity appreciated by both sound and sick. If you are afflicted in any way, we know if you try the life-giving tonic properties of Dr. Crook's Wine of Tar, you will send your testimony to its great value in correcting any "ills that flesh is heir to." Prepared only by OLIVER CROOK & CO. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

For Scrofula, Scrofulous Tumors, Scrofulous Diseases of the Eyes, or Scrofula in any form, Rheumatism, Diseases of the Liver, Diseases of the Skin, Eruptions, Pimples, Boils, Tetter, Scald Head, Ulcers, and all Sores, or any disease depending on a depraved condition of the blood, take Dr. Crook's Compound Syrup of Poke Root. It is combined with the best tonic preparations of iron known, and is the best Alterative and Blood Purifier made. Cleanse your blood. Try one Bottle. Sold by Druggists.

Prepared only by OLIVER CROOK & CO., Dayton, O.

EBENSBURG
DRUG AND BOOK STORE.

HAVING recently enlarged our stock we are now prepared to sell at a great reduction from former prices. Our stock consists of Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Fancy Soaps, Leon's, Hall's and Allen's Hair Restoratives, Pills, Ointments, Plasters, Liniments, Pain Killers, Citrate Magnesia, Ess. Jamaica Ginger, Pure Flavoring Extracts, Essences, Lemon Syrup, Soothing Syrup, Spiced Syrup, Rhubarb, Pure Spices, &c.;

CIGARS AND TOBACCOS.

Blank Books, Deeds, Notes and Bonds; Cap, Post, Commercial and all kinds of Note Paper; Envelopes, Pens, Pencils, Arnold's Writing Fluid, Black and Red Ink, Pocket and Pass Books, Magazines, Newspapers, Novels, Histories, Bibles, Religious, Prayer and Toy Books, Penknives, Pipes, &c.

☞ We have added to our stock a lot of FINE JEWELRY, to which we would invite the attention of the Ladies.

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS at lower prices than ever offered in this place.

Paper and Cigars sold either wholesale or retail. LEMMON & MURRAY,
July 30, 1868. Main Street, Ebensburg.

JOHNSTOWN FURNITURE EMPORIUM.
WM. P. PATTON,
Manufacturer and Dealer in
—ALL KINDS OF—
CABINET FURNITURE
Nos. 150 and 152 Clinton Street,
JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Bureaus, Bedsteads, Washstands, Sideboards, Chamber Sets, Parlor Sets, Wardrobes, Book Cases, Lounges, &c., &c., &c., &c., &c.

Cane Chairs, Wood Seat hair s, Kitchen Furniture, Bed Lounges, Mattresses, Tete-a-Tetes, Extension Tables, Dining Tables, Cupboards, &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF
SCHOOL AND HALL FURNITURE

made to order in excellent style and at low prices. Cabinet and hairmakers' materials of all kinds for sale. Furniture delivered at any point in Johnstown or at Railroad Station free of extra charge. WM. P. PATTON.
Johnstown, Oct. 13, 1870.-tf.

DENTISTRY.—The undersigned, a graduate of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, respectfully offers his PROFESSIONAL services to the citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity, which place he will visit on the FOURTH MONDAY of each month, to remain one week.

Aug. 13. SAM'L BELFORD, D. D. S.

DR. H. B. MILLER,
Altoona, Pa.,
Operative and Mechanical DENTIST

Office removed to Virginia street, opposite the Lutheran church. Persons from Cambria county or elsewhere who get work done by me to the amount of Ten Dollars and upwards, will have the railroad fare deducted from their bills. ALL WORK WARRANTED. [Jan. 21, 1869.-tf.

LORETTO MARBLE WORKS,
PRICES REDUCED!
And Work Warranted!

MONUMENTS, TOMB STONES, BUREAU and TABLE TOPS, made of the finest Italian Marble and in style of workmanship not surpassed by any manufacturer. Give me a call before deciding upon purchasing or ordering work elsewhere. JAMES WILKINSON.
Loretto, April 22, 1871.-tf.

LOGAN'S MARBLE WORKS!
131 Franklin Street, Johnstown.
JOHN W. LOGAN, - Proprietor.

MONUMENTS, HEAD AND TOMB STONES, COUNTER AND CABINET SLABS, MANTELS, &c., manufactured of the very best Italian and American Marbles. Perfect satisfaction in work, design and price guaranteed.

☞ Orders respectfully solicited and promptly executed. [Johnstown, Nov. 11, '71.-tf.]

Sewing Machine Agents WANTED,
TO SELL THE
"DOMESTIC"

The *Domestic* is not a new machine, but has been sold, in a small way, for some six yrs., during which time the most skilled inventors have labored to simplify and improve, until to-day it is so far ahead of all others as to defy competition.

It has but sixty pieces, counting every part of Machine and stand, while the Howe Machine contains 244. This will give an idea of its simplicity. It will do work, fine and coarse, that no other machine will attempt, from the finest gossamer to FIFTY thicknesses of dressed muslin; it will sew without change of needle, thread or tension. All movable parts are made of hardened steel and burnished bearings.

IT MAKES NO NOISE WHATEVER,
and the proprietors hereby offer
A Reward of One Hundred Dollars for any other Lock Stitch Machine that will run as light.

The shuttle is a cylinder, without a rivet or spring; can be filled by a blind person, and holds one hundred yards of cotton.

We claim it, and can show, a list of fifty points of superiority over any machine in the market.

To experienced agents the most liberal inducements will be offered. Machines consigned and commissions paid in full, in cash, at the end of each month. A handsome wagon, worth $250.00, furnished without charge, and sufficient time given to purchasers to enable the agent to compete with any Company in the State.

R. W. STEADMAN & CO.,
No. 29 Sixth Street.
PITTSBURGH, PA.

THE IMPROVED ELLIPTIC SEWING MACHINE.
WITH THE
NEW DRAW FEED,

Has just been received, and is now the BEST FAMILY MACHINE in the market. It makes the
Lock Stitch, is Simple, Noiseless, Easily Operated,
and very effective. We want GOOD SEWING MACHINE AGENTS in all unoccupied territory, to whom we will give the MOST LIBERAL TERMS. The *ELLIPTIC* is the EASIEST MACHINE TO SELL in the market.

HOWARD FATON & CO.
General Agents,
17 FIFTH AVENUE,
Feb. 24, 1872.-3m. PITTSBURGH

Agents Wanted
—FOR THE—
FLORENCE
Sewing Machine.

Wherever the FLORENCE Machine has been introduced, it has met with the greatest success. It is the only machine making four different stitches and having the Reversible Feed. The machinery is perfect, and the motions positive. It runs light, and very fast, and sews coarse or fine fabrics. The Hemmer will turn wide or narrow hems, and fells beautifully. All attachments go with the machine.

For information apply to or address
HECKERT & McKAIN,
No. 8 Sixth Street,
March 2, 1872. 3m. *PITTSBURGH.*

M. WHITMORE, C. H. WOLFF. THOS. H. LANE, CHAS. T. NEALE. JNO. D. CHERRY.
WHITMORE, WOLFF, LANE & CO.,
IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN
HARDWARE,
Sign of the Anvil, No. 50 Wood St.,
(Three doors above St. Charles Hotel,)
PITTSBURGH, PA.

Invite the attention of buyers to their Spring Stock, which, in selection and price, is unsurpassed in the country.

They are Agents for American File Company's celebrated Files and Rasps, Rubber Belting and Packing, Wilson, Hawks worth, Ellison & Co.'s English Steel, Pittsburgh Steel, Locks, Shovels, &c.—Sold at manufacturers' prices. [2-24.-3m.]

NOW IS THE TIME!
WANTED.
Good Reliable Agents,
TO SELL THE
NEW UNDER FEED
WILSON
SEWING MACHINE!

in THIS COUNTY. Best Machine in the World. Best Selling Machine in Market. Price, complete, $45.00. Written warrantee for five years. Apply immediately to

SMITH & FORRESTER,
[3-2.-3m.] 14 Sixth St., Pittsburgh, Pa

THE BICKFORD
FAMILY KNITTING MACHINE
The Neatest, the Best, and the Cheapest.
NEVER GETS OUT OF ORDER.
Knits Everything. Price 25 Dollars.

Persons desirous of purchasing Machines can get circulars and information, and have their Machines sent free of charge on receipt of price, by applying to

JAMES McBRIDE, Ag't for Western Penn'a. No. 1 Sixth St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Enterprising Agents wanted in every County, to whom liberal terms will be given. [3-16-1m.]

T. D. CASEY, late of Robert Woods & Co.
T. C. FOGARTY.....JAMES CASEY.
CASEY, FOGARTY & CO.,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
MONONGAHELA & OLD RYE WHISKY,
AND ALL KINDS OF
DOMESTIC LIQUORS,
AND IMPORTERS OF
Foreign Wines, Gins, Brandies, &c.,
No. 315 Liberty Street,
Dec. 16, 1871.-3m. *PITTSBURGH, PA.*

AGENTS WANTED.

Wanted Immediately, four active, energetic men, to act as Agents for the
"NEW" Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine
in THIS COUNTY. Only such men as can give good reference as to character and ability, and furnish a BOND, need apply. We will pay GUARANTEED SALARIES, OR LIBERAL commissions, to PROPER MEN. Only such need as *really desire* to enter the business need apply. WM. SUMNER & CO., No. 140 Wood St., PITTSBURGH, PA.

EBENSBURG
WOOLEN FACTORY!

HAVING introduced new machinery into our Woolen Factory, we are now prepared to manufacture on short notice, CLOTHS, CASSINETS, BLANKETS, FLANNELS of all styles, STOCKING YARNS, &c., &c.

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked on shares. Market price paid for wool.
T. M. JONES & SONS.
Ebensburg, Feb. 24, 1872.-tf.

TO BOOK AGENTS:
Mark Twain's New Book,
ROUGHING IT:

Is ready for Canvassers. No book is looked for more impatiently than this, and agents will do well to get territory for it as early as possible. Apply for Circulars and terms to

DUFFIELD ASHMEAD, Publisher.
[3-16.] 711 Sansom Street, Philadelphia.

THE GRANDMOTHER.

Grandmamma is so old, she has so many wrinkles, and her hair is quite white; but her eyes shine like to stars. Yes, they are more beautiful; they are so mild, so blessed to look into. And she can tell the most delightful stories, and she has a dress of thick silk that rustles; it is covered with large flowers.

Grandmamma knows so much, for she has lived so long before papa and mamma, that is certain. Grandmamma has a psalm-book with six thick silver clasps, and she reads in it often; in it there lies a rose; it is quite pressed and dry; it is not so fine as the roses she has in the vase, and yet she always smiles most kindly at it; there even come tears in her eyes. How can it be that Grandmamma looks always so fondly upon the withered rose in the old book? Do you know? Each time that Grandmamma's tears fall upon the flower, its odor revives, it freshens again, and the whole room is filled with the scent of it; the walls disappear as though they were only fog, and all around is the green, beautiful wood, with the sun shining through the leaves, and grandmamma says she is quite young! She is a beautiful girl with blooming cheeks, engaging and lovely; no rose is more fresh; yet the eyes, the mild, blessed eyes, are still grandmamma's. By her side is seated a youth so hands one and strong! He offers her a rose, and she smiles—but not thus smiles grandmamma! Yes, her smile comes. He is gone; the handsome youth is gone, and the psalm-book and grandmamma—yes, there she sits again, as a pale lady, gazing at the withered rose that lies in the book.

Now grandmamma is dead. She sat in the easy chair, and told a long, delightful story. "And now its over," she said, "and I am quite weary; let me sleep a little." Then she lay back and drew a heavy sigh, and slept; but it became more and more still, and her face was so full of peace and joy, and was as if sun shone upon it. They said she was dead.

She was laid in the black coffin, enclosed in pure white linen; she looked so beautiful, and yet her eyes were closed. But the wrinkles were gone; a sweet smile played on her mouth; her hair was so silver and so honorable, no one could be afraid to look at her; it was still the same benign, old grandmamma. And the psalm-book was laid under her head, as she herself had desired, and the rose lay in the old book; and so they buried her.

On her grave, close under the church wall